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The GRAPHIC



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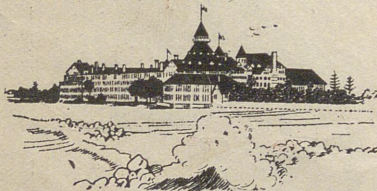
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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER : : EDITOR



TAFT JACKALS TRAIL ROOSEVELT

ROOSEVELT'S trailers—Messrs. Harlan and Bede—wasted time and expense funds in coming to Southern California to make votes for Taft by talking against the Colonel. The Bull Moose following cannot be lured off its stamping grounds by the exposure of rock salt and the Taft Republicans know their candidate is a cipher in the presidential race. Harlan's oratory, of the pile driving order, was a rehash of charges against Roosevelt, sustained and unsubstantiated in about an equal degree; Mr. Bede, the political Figaro, was flippantly funny, but seldom convincing. We have heard him make a much better Democratic argument in the territory of Dakota, before statehood and division came.

Lissner's presence in the audience was his right, if he chose to exert it, but his interruptions of Harlan were childish and in questionable taste. His acceptance of an invitation to visit the platform, from which he was presently hustled off, marked an incident quite in keeping with the gathering. The entire affair was a mistake. Barking like jackals at the heels of the Bull Mice leader cannot do Taft any good; in fact, such an exhibition as was given at the Auditorium Tuesday night was well calculated to disgust any self-respecting Republican. Contrasting the spirit of the meeting, its pettiness, its sordid cheapness with the earnest rallies at which Gov. Wilson is present cannot fail to rebound to the latter's advantage.

Harlan says that Roosevelt does not expect to win, that his triumph will come in the election of Wilson. This is so funny it should have been left to Adam Bede to say, for the Roosevelt crowd quite as positively asserts that Taft has no notion of success, his only prayer is to defeat Roosevelt by having his following flock to Wilson. Between these two contending forces it is certain that Gov. Wilson will march along the path they are making clear to the White House. At times Harlan strikes the bullmice eye. He did it when he described the glassy stare of the Progressive when you attempt to argue with him about the idiosyncrasies of his idol. Says Harlan, "He won't pay any attention to you; his brain stops functioning." It is true; the Colonel holds his worshippers in hypnotic grip.

Mr. Perkins, member of the Harvester Trust until recently, and now chairman of the Roosevelt campaign committee, was handled pretty roughly by Harlan who recited the \$48,700 contribution to the 1904 Roosevelt fund, taken from the New York Life Insurance Company's treasury in alleged gratitude for the abatement of proceedings against the Harvester Trust. For diverting this sum without authority, Mr. Perkins was indicted, but thanks to Prosecuting Attorney Jerome of New York, said Harlan, he is still at liberty to order from his tailor clothes having

stripes running up and down. As showing cause and effect the speaker cited these facts and then quoted from established records to prove that Mr. Roosevelt gave orders to Herbert Knox Smith, to telephone Perkins that at the President's order the proceedings against the Harvester Trust were discontinued.

All of which is history, but if Mr. Harlan expects to weaken Roosevelt adherents by such recounting he has little conception of the Colonel's prehensibility. He should remember the "glassy stare" incident and save his breath. The king can do no wrong. As for Bede's oratory it is vivacious and amusing, with just enough facts as a basis to impress the fairly well-informed hearer. Of course, he exaggerates; that is the function of the humorist. Thus, he said the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill reduced the schedules eleven per cent. It didn't, though; the total reduction was about two per cent, but why should Figaro hesitate over a few irritating figures when he is in a hurry to catch his train to carry him onward to Roosevelt? He did remind his audience that the Colonel had not failed to praise the bill when Taft signed it and he might have conveyed to his hearers that both Taft and Roosevelt are fully in accord over the tariff. Altogether, it was a curious meeting, a puzzle to the speakers, since all shades of political opinion were represented in the auditorium, and a most unsatisfying return to the Republican national committee on its expenditure.

LOYAL TO THEIR OVERLORD

SCOFF as one may at the custom of the ancient military class of Japan whose loyalty to the territorial lord impelled the warrior to seek a voluntary death by the world-famous seppuka or hara-kiri route to prove his fealty, the Occidentalist, nevertheless, is profoundly impressed by the quality of resolution and daring which such a physical act evidences. Shocked as we are by the cabled announcement of this mode of death chosen by Baron General Kiten Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, and his devoted wife, committed in their home at Tokio, while the cortege of Mutsuhito was passing in solemn procession, we are yet impelled to pay tribute to the heroic determination of the devoted pair to uphold the lofty tradition of old Japan. It is astounding in its idealism, extraordinary in its quixotic observance of an antique custom.

Baron Nogi was of the old Samurai stripe and his equally sublime wife partook of the same characteristics. Their lives belonged to their territorial lord and how better to prove their filial piety, their devotion to their emperor than to refuse to remain longer in a world that was deprived of the light of his countenance. That Nogi undoubtedly was cognizant of his emperor's many moral lapses detracted nothing from the sublimity of his sacrifice. Ancestor-worship, the outpouring of devotion to the spirits of their emperors is the foundation of the Japanese religion and the dead general and his wife knew no better altar upon which to shed their hearts' blood. How truly oriental!

It is an act like this that upsets all theories concerning the modern Japanese. The death of Mutsuhito has directed attention to the remarkable progress in civilization made by his countrymen in his reign. Of the brilliant men of his regime none achieved greater fame than the strategist who effected the fall of Port Arthur, a feat that has been the acclaim of the greatest generals of the age. Yet this warrior, this distinguished commander, decorated by Emperor William of Germany for his prowess, reverts to the pre-modern times of the Samurai at the apex of his career and in blind obedience his baroness, unhesitatingly follows him to the grave. In-

credible to our way of thinking is such a manner of tribute to a deceased sovereign, but in contemplation of it we see how thin is the veneer of Japanese civilization, how readily the modern lapses to ancient forms. Baron Nogi has demonstrated the "way of the warrior." He has shown us the traditional ideal, he has given his soldiers an example of self-discipline that will be as a heritage of manliness. He was true to his code.

ROOSEVELT'S BUNCOMBE ANALYZED

FETISH worshippers most nearly describes the men and women who have enlisted in the third party ranks and are found following the Roosevelt red bandanna. They do not apply reasoning power to the Colonel's highfalutin phrases, they care nothing about facts, they are content to accept every promise he makes at its face value and let it go at that. Thus, they cheered his statement in Los Angeles Monday night when he said:

Now, I don't agree with the Republican policy of protection. They have protected the big man and not the little man. I hold that we should have a commission whose duty it shall be to see that the protection given to any industry doesn't stop in the front office, that it gets into the pay envelope of the laborer (yells and applause), and if in any protected industry the laborers are not well paid, I would take the tariff right off that protected industry; but, friends, what I am chiefly concerned in, though I am greatly concerned in the economic side of this question, what I am chiefly concerned in is the moral side, and I ask you to support us not only because of the principles for which we stand, but because of the enemies that we have made.

This is a typical example of the Rooseveltian style of argument and it will be noted that his worshippers accepted it with "yells and applause." Let us examine it carefully: Mr. Roosevelt says he doesn't agree with the Republican policy of protection, yet for seven years, when he was in office and had opportunity to influence legislation, he made not the slightest attempt to effect a change nor ever, in the remotest degree, signified his dislike of the Republican policy of protection. The Good Book says "By their fruits ye shall know them." If a man has a case in court he does not want to try it before a prejudiced judge. Mr. Roosevelt may affirm what he pleases, his lack of performance indicates his indifference to the cause of tariff revision. His commission plan is a humbug. Taft had one for two years and it accomplished nothing. It is an excuse for prolonging the tariff iniquities.

How is Roosevelt going to turn the "protection" money into the laborer's pay envelope? He is discreetly mum on the question. He used to call it "prize" money until he found that was a buccaneering phrase which raised suspicions. It is stolen, primarily, from the people, the consumers. The theory, as so benignly explained by that great Apostle of Prosperity, the late Mark Hanna, is that it is for the protection of American labor, the labor Mr. Roosevelt promises to coddle. But, as Mr. Wilson pointed out the other day, the Lawrence strike revealed the buncombe in the Hanna-Roosevelt proposition. The most highly-protected industry in the country paying pauper labor pauper wages! Mr. Roosevelt would take off the tariff entirely if this is allowed to continue. But, horrors! if he does that the country will go to the dogs, since he declares that an industry without protection pap will be utterly ruined.

O, yes, the moral side is the side in which he is chiefly concerned and so are we. For seven years he made no protest against the conditions prevalent not only at Lawrence, but elsewhere—in the coke oven districts of Pennsylvania, a bi-product of his precious Steel Trust. The unmoral conditions there existing never disturbed his peace of mind—that is of record.

As a matter of fact the men in the unprotected industries today are the ones that are better paid than the majority of those who are employed by the tariff beneficiaries. Mr. Roosevelt essays to grill Wilson for referring to the protective policy as a "malignant growth." It is nothing else. Mr. Wilson has noted how the country is mulcted to protect "infant industries." But they discarded their swaddling clothes years ago, yet the same pap is still fed them to the detriment of the consumers, the fettering of trade and the handicapping of labor.

Help the wage-earners? We should like to have the Colonel tell us how his policy of protection that he affects to dislike, yet has always cherished and which, in another paragraph, he says he has not abandoned, will help the consumer? The tariffs have made the trusts, that have monopolized the necessities of life and are mainly responsible for the high cost of living. Mr. Roosevelt deals in clap-trap, not commonsense, buncombe not basic facts, red bandanna balderdash not reason. He is an opportunist. He has proved it in his wooing of women's votes by his eleventh hour conversion to equal suffrage. Three months ago he was sneering at their cry for the ballot and in a published statement declared that it was a state issue to be settled first by a referendary vote to see if the women really wanted suffrage. The fetish worshippers will find in good season that it is a false idol before which they are prostrating themselves.

AT HIS FAVORITE OCCUPATION

THAT anomalous puff-powder of bombast and vanity, William Randolph Hearst, true to his traitorous instincts, unable to control Gov. Wilson and the progressive wing of his party, while pretending to support the Baltimore nominee loses no opportunity to poniard him. He uses the front page of his personal organs to thrust at the Democratic candidate for President and by reason of his publications gives false prominence to what are, after all, simply the grouped-to-order compilations of his clever hired men, which he adopts in first person form over his appended signature.

Hearst has ever been a traitor to Democracy. He betrayed William J. Bryan in the national party and in this state his Judas-like treatment of Senator White, of gubernatorial candidates James S. Maguire and Franklin K. Lane are matters of notorious comment. Disappointed in his attempt to thrust Champ Clark on the country—who would have been a pitiful marionette of Hearst's manipulation—he pretended to accept Wilson, but his support is of sinister worth only. He wields a stiletto, not a stylus, and does not hesitate to stab whether the chance offers or not. He is happiest when uttering capital I's, of whose sound he is so enamored that all other forms of music pall upon his ears.

Just now his animus is directed to Wilson's tariff for revenue only plank. The capital I does not approve it. "There are some abuses in the tariff which need correction, but for my part I believe in a proper tariff for protection." He grandiloquently admits that Mr. Wilson is correct in declaring that if we would continue to grow we must find other markets than our own for our produce, but Willie Boy would not have our sacred tariff wall leveled for fear the cows in the other pasture might come trooping in. He doesn't care whether the milk they would give down would serve to nourish the plain people; all he is concerned about is lest the Special Privileges paddock should be unduly invaded. As for Mr. Wilson's just estimate of the average business man that he pays too little attention to the workings of the tariff William is shocked. He assures us that we are the greatest ever; our people have attracted the wealth of the world and he instances the Rockefeller and Carnegie and Morgan benefactions in proof of how well our accumulators know how to dispose of their vast riches. It is a little unfortunate for his argument that he should have instanced three men who have probably been the greatest of all gainers by the protective tariff system he so un-Democratically belauds.

"Dogmatic and didactic" he pronounces the Wilson declarations, having all the "positiveness of the peda-

gogue." It is amusing to find this shallow critic lecturing a man whose intellectual attainments are the envy of profound students and accusing him of knowing nothing save what he has read in books, "the infallible production of equally inexperienced college professors." When we review the Hearst educational acquisitions, his non-studious college career, his ridiculous assumption of erudition and culture, the enormity of his charlatanism causes the choler to rise. Satan rebuking our Savior resolves himself into a meek and lowly controversialist by comparison. Hearst a Democrat! Hearst a teacher of the masses! He is never other than a vain and vaporous ego, an individual hopelessly enamored of himself.

"HALLELUJAH" HUTTON'S LAPSE

WHETHER or not Judge Hutton's "hallelujah" statement, following the verdict of acquittal of Clarence Darrow on the charge of jury bribing, was the result of brain fag or, as many declare, a deliberate bid for the Labor and Socialist vote its effect has been most pernicious. The conservative Springfield Republican, for instance, finds his attitude of mind "even more convincing" than the jury's verdict. We should like to know what authority Judge "Hallelujah" Hutton has for saying that "Most of the judges in the county share my own mental attitude" in regard to Darrow's innocence. We have no hesitation in asserting that the opposite is true and that the hallelujah judge is merely bolstering up his break when he makes such a statement.

Because of Judge Hutton's ill-advised and wholly unpardonable felicitations usually right thinking newspapers like the Springfield Republican are misled while the Socialist papers do not hesitate to quote the trial judge in proof of the "persecution" of Darrow, as demonstrated by the pressing of the second charge and another trial. This is denominated "spite work" and the hallelujah jurist is cited as furnishing the conclusive evidence. A stigma will attach to the bench so long as Judge Hutton remains on it.

That he has made a vital mistake, the effect of which forever blasts his reputation and handicaps his usefulness on the bench, is the opinion of hundreds of his former supporters. The only way to expiate his error is to make a manly avowal of his judicial sinning and announce his retirement as an active aspirant for re-election. Of course, his name will have to go on the ballot, but by giving publicity to his peccant conduct he can so discourage those still inclined to vote for him as to read himself out of the contest. In this way only can he rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his friends and prove conclusively that he was not bidding for votes when he sent up his amazing hallelujahs in his own court room.

EVIDENCES OF POLITICAL PHRENITIS

BECAUSE a Brooklyn youth declared he had a spirit message which intimated that Mr. Taft was to be reelected New York police authorities sent the young man to the Bellevue asylum, convinced that he was mentally deranged. We will admit that the tenor of the communication indicated a mental lesion, either in the medium or his familiar, but we submit that no such drastic action was applied to Chairman Hilles of the Republican national campaign committee when he made a similar announcement a few days ago. Just what spirit or spirits possessed the political representative of Mr. Taft the dispatches did not disclose, but the aberration of the utterer was at once recognized.

On top of Mr. Hilles' political phrenitis comes the announcement from Beverly that President Taft is satisfied that Colonel Roosevelt will draw more heavily from the Democratic rank and file than from the Republicans, ergo, he feels certain he will be returned to the White House. This sort of outgiving is even more indicative of calenture of the brain cells than in the case of the Brooklyn simple. If the President is in earnest and really said what is attributed to him, he should be put under medical surveillance at once. The veriest tyro in politics is better informed. Vermont proved that the Democrats are rock-fast,

while the Republicans fell off almost what the Progressives gained, save for the slight increase in the Democratic vote. This is the only test we have had as in Maine the Roosevelt party had no open ticket. Mr. Taft, surely, has an attack of siriasis, in addition to the gout.

From every direction the reports come that the Taft Republicans, recognizing the futility of their candidate's campaign, will turn to Wilson as their only safe recourse. No Democrat is on record this year as deserting his ideal party leader. The November election is already discounted and Gov. Wilson conceded the victory. New York state will roll up a tremendous majority for him, Indiana will follow suit, Ohio, even, is full of promise, as also are Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. As for California we miss our guess if her electoral vote is not recorded for Woodrow Wilson.

SECRETARY JORDAN'S GIFT HORSE

SUSPICION is strong that Secretary of State Jordan is playing into the hands of the third party schemers in promising to do "the proper thing, agreeable to all concerned" in regard to placing a dual set of electors on the ballot in the Republican column. Final action, he intimates, will depend upon the outcome of next Tuesday's state convention, which is a subtle hint, to the disaffected Taft Republicans to be good, remain in the convention and as a reward receive place on the ballot for the party electors, a like honor being accorded the other "Republican" selections.

It strikes us that this is a bait. The Bull Mice leaders in the state are terribly anxious to have the real Republicans given a chance to express their party presidential preference, knowing full well that only in that way is safety for Roosevelt. Every vote cast for the Taft electors is an indirect vote for Roosevelt, since it is certain that no Taft man will go over to Roosevelt if his party is not represented on the ballot; Wilson is bound to be the beneficiary. It is to avoid that contingency that the foxy Mr. Lissner is bending all his subtleties and explains his activities in the gathering of signatures to place the Bull Mice electors on the ballot by petition. He wants the Taft men to follow suit and so make the Roosevelt cinch possible.

In 1908 the Republicans of California cast 214,398 votes for Taft and the Democrats polled 127,492 for Bryan, a difference of 86,826 in Taft's favor. Since then, of course, the women have been given the suffrage, adding perhaps one hundred thousand registered votes to the total, of which, probably, 60,000 are pro-Roosevelt. Add this difference to the Republican majority and it means about 100,000 to overcome. If 75,000 of the disaffected Republicans of the state decide to show their resentment of the stealing of what they conceive to be their rights on the ballot—particularly in the primary election—they can easily deliver California to Wilson and rebuke the Lissner chicanery. To do this successfully no compromise should be considered, no acceptance of white-dove-of-peace overtures. Beware the Greeks bearing gifts!

BOUND BUT NOT IN BONDAGE

IT HAS remained for Pasadena to give the country an example of the down-to-date marriage bond, the high contracting parties, to employ the de rigueur term, explaining that the legal ceremony is entered into for the sake of the happiness of the children and for the "free intercommunication of parents with the rest of society." This is a thoughtful consideration; we assume that but for Mrs. Grundy's sharp tongue the formal agreement, supplemented by the stepping across a running stream up in the Arroyo Seco, would have sufficed.

It is announced that the young people embarking on the matrimonial sea have known each other only a week, but their pre-marital bond is of such a nature that it suggests having been long held in theoretical leash awaiting opportunity to be put into commission. We suspect that the mother of the groom, a woman of advanced ideas and with a fondness for grappling with knotty sociological problems, is the

author of the pre-nuptial document which, among other clauses, specifies that the marriage shall not be a bond giving either any control over or possession of the other, that it shall not be a bar to other marriage should this prove unfruitful, that the tie shall terminate simultaneously with the death of love on either side and that neither shall have the right to restrain the other should he or she see fit to incur other parental responsibility.

We are not quite clear as to the latter stipulation. Are we to understand that if the wife, at a future date, with an eye to the eugenics of the race, shall decide that a man other than her legally-contracted spouse ought to become the father of her Burbanked child her temporarily displaced partner is to offer no objection? In that event is he to contribute to the support of his wife's offspring or is that a sort of side issue, to be dependent solely upon her for sustenance? We assume that the husband, having similar right under the contract to "incur other parental responsibility," may endeavor to refine the race in like manner, without protest from his contractual partner, should he be so minded. Glorious! Trial marriages are not to be regarded for a minute alongside this unconventional slip-knot which is so drawn that it cannot possibly chafe the wearers. It is a pity that we have not yet arrived at the stage of progress when all children begotten in or out of wedlock shall become wards of the state, thus allowing their parents unrestrained liberty to pursue their individual bent, but pending that blissful realization the contract of the Pasadena couple will tend to keep love free if not unconfined. Our warmest regards to our fellow contractors. May they never find cause to rebel at any of the simple stipulations so eloquently set forth for the enviable consideration of conventionally bound benedicts and their enchained wives

ORIGIN OF ROOSEVELT'S TRUST PLAN

REPEATING in St. Paul the pertinent charge first made in his South Dakota talk at Sioux Falls that the origin of the third party plank for handling the trust problem can be traced to Chairman Gary of the Steel Trust and that other trust founder and director, George W. Perkins, also chairman of the Roosevelt campaign committee and chief "angel" for the third party, Gov. Wilson carefully outlined the manner of its workings. After stating that Mr. Roosevelt's borrowed plan contemplates the control of trusts by an industrial commission he showed how it would save the United States Steel Corporation from the necessity of doing its business better than its competitors.

Gov. Wilson charges that the Steel Trust is less efficient than its competitors and that its control of the product is increasing only in those branches of the business where by purchase and otherwise it has a practical monopoly. Addressing working men, particularly, the governor says, "Carry out the plan of Mr. Gary and Mr. Perkins and you will have given a control in the market for labor, which will suit those gentlemen perfectly. They don't want competitors to come into the market for labor, because new competitors will mean new wages and new wage scales. These are the very men and almost the only men who have successfully opposed union labor in the United States."

This has drawn the fire of Theodore Roosevelt who rushes to the defense of his pet plank and, incidentally, to the defense of his "angels" in 1904 and now. He declares that he advocated the plan of handling the trusts in his messages to congress, which is probably true, but Mr. Perkins has been his sworn ally since prior to 1904. He retorts that the Steel Corporation and the Harvester Trust principals, save Perkins, are either for Wilson or Taft; then he sneers at Wilson's academic knowledge of labor's needs and his abstract reasoning. He charges that Wilson is a believer in the "outworn doctrine of the benefits of unlimited and reckless competition," which is not true. Mr. Wilson is no wild-eyed radical. On the contrary he is so level headed in his views that he is making converts everywhere.

Mr. Roosevelt is offering us a Utopia, but pin him

down and he has only vague notions of how he will accomplish all that he promises. Wilson differs radically from both Roosevelt and Taft on the tariff because he does not believe that a tariff which is drawn in favor of special interests only can give prosperity to all. Nor is he an advocate of free trade as the Colonel has often asserted. At St. Paul he told his auditors that he was not one of those who were kept awake at night by the free trade bogie. He adds, "There isn't any danger of free trade because we have one of the most expensive and extravagant central governments." Gov. Wilson holds broad and philosophic views on the tariff. He is on record as saying that what changes necessary to be made should begin with the schedules which have most obviously been used to kill competition and to raise prices in the United States arbitrarily and without regard to prices pertaining elsewhere in the world. It is a sensible stand to take. It means that he will, as President, strive to curtail the abuses which have so burdened the masses under the insidious "protective" tariff, which protects the consumers not at all.

GOOD AUTHORITY FOR "DEMOTÉ"

COMMENTING on the case of Inspector Hayes of the New York police department, reduced to a captaincy because of certain reflections on Police Commissioner Waldo, we employed the term "demote" in referring to the de-grading of Hayes. In this respect we were in the same boat with a number of eastern papers, among others the New York Globe which now apologizes for its usage, asserting that the word is an invention, and is not to be found in Murray's Oxford Dictionary nor yet in the Century. It admits that "demote" is of real benefit to the language, a milder, less reproachful term than "degrade" and likely to grow demotic, i.e., popular, but it asks for information. What is the origin of the word?

Bless the Globe's innocence, does it not know that a lexicographer named Noah Webster published a dictionary years ago which is now the accepted authority in America? In that excellent compilation, or rather in the revised Webster of 1910, on page 594, may be found our authority for the word in controversy, as follows:

de-mote' (de-mot'), v. t.; -mot'ed (-mot'ed); -mot'ing (-mot'ing). [*de-*+*moté*, as in *promote*; cf. *L. demovere* to remove.]: To reduce to a lower grade, as in school:—opposed to *promote*. *Colloq.*—*de-motion* (-mo-shun), n. *Colloq.*

Immediately below this definition occurs the word "demotic" so aptly employed by our bewildered contemporary. We suspect the office cat may have destroyed the editorial Webster copy, but in that event application through the business office to the G. & C. Merriam Company at Springfield, Mass., should result in a prompt compliance with a request for a new edition. It is a liberal concern, ready at all times to exchanged dictionaries for space in approved publications.

MAKING A MECCA FOR MURDERERS

NOTWITHSTANDING that the alleged excuse for reprieving murderers no longer holds, since the initiative petition for the abolition of the capital punishment statute has failed of receiving the necessary percentage of signatures, the acting executive continues in the footsteps of the governor in his interference with the mandates of the law. Twice this week he has extended clemency to condemned prisoners, in one instance because he has "doubts" concerning the sanity of the repeatedly reprieved man and in the case of George Figueroa, whose crime was unspeakably atrocious, the lieutenant-governor has commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

In the latter instance, especially, it is an unpardonable perversion of authority. No more vicious murder was ever committed in the state than the brutal deed that hammered the young wife into eternity because she refused to yield herself to her inhuman husband's equally bestial companion. If this is a fair sample of the humanitarianism of the "redeemers of the state" we are by no means convinced that it is in the best interests of the commonwealth. Not by

such sloppy methods can the tendency to kill be restrained. Not by such mistaken leniency can a proper respect for the law be inculcated.

It is patent that the acting governor, with the consent of his principal, is determined to ignore the constitution that for the better preservation of society inflicts the death penalty on murderers. If it isn't "moral weakness" or "doubts of the prisoner's sanity" or "ill health" or other real or fancied excuse it will be another fully as conscience-quieting to the acting executive or rather it will serve the purpose just as well. It is a dangerous game the sworn upholder of the law is playing. He is setting himself up as greater than judges, juries and the constitution. Meanwhile, the list of murders here and outside the state never was so great; never was life held so cheap.

SHAKESPEAREAN "REVIVAL" PROMISED

SO LONG as the histrionic stage had a Booth, a Barrett, an Irving, a Neilson or a Terry to do full justice to Shakespearean characters, the public flocked to witness the entertainment provided. Even Sothorn, in alliance with the beautiful Marlowe, could delight the box office arbiters, but that was due to the magnificence of the productions rather than because of the superior qualities of the male principal, although Sothorn is a conscientious actor. Julia Marlowe's Ophelia is a sad-sweet memory, her Viola a delightful reminiscence, her Juliet charming and her Katharine a treat, but they are the irills of the great bard. Ellen Terry was the ideal Portia, but it required the Jew of Irving to give virility to the play.

It is reported that a genuine revival of Shakespearean drama is planned for next winter and it is further stated that Miss Julie Opp, in private life Mrs. William Faversham, will star with her husband in the United States and Canada in leading Shakespearean roles. Presumably, it is hoped by the management to repeat the Sothorn-Marlowe financial successes of two years ago, the later aspirants to histrionic acclaim being imbued with the belief that they are equally able to interpret the characters of the great bard. Perhaps so, in fact, we believe Faversham to be a much better actor than Sothorn, but Julie Opp lacks what Julia Marlowe enjoys—personal charm. She is a beautiful fleshly model, but we have yet to discern soul in her work and without that her Shakespearean essays are bound to fail.

Faversham is essentially a modern actor; he is as far apart from Robert Mantell—the only exponent of the classic drama left that is worth while—as can be, but he has fire and force and ambition. He could do Petruchio to perfection, play young King Harry V, give good account of himself as Othello, or as Brutus in Julius Caesar, but we cannot imagine him as Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, or Richard III. Julie Opp could look the part of Lady Macbeth, impress one with her Portia or play Cleopatra with natural abandon, but in the softer feminine roles she is doomed to failure. However, if the aspiring duo have the necessary managing capital to back the productions the audiences will be forthcoming, no doubt, even though the giants of the stage are gone.

Compensation

When Eve passed out through Eden's gate
That bitter day,
Small chance she saw the fig and vine
Beside the way;
The fairest flowers in all the world
Were at her feet,
They had been hers to love and tend—
A pleasure sweet.
Her head was bowed, her eyes were dim
With falling tears;
Her sentence was a life of pain
Through all the years.
But with her walked, to share her fate,
A loving one—
Out through the gate, her hand in his
Till life was done.

—KATHARINE HARTMAN.

"Frenzied Finance" Lawson has broken out again. He says the high cost of living is due to gambling on the stock exchange which has cut the purchasing power of money in half in the last forty years. Lawson is merely riding his hobby again. He has in mind the high cost of living that his stock gambling associates experience in buying warm birds and cold bottles for affinities, when they have no pre-nuptial contracts authorizing such individual rights.

Tchekhof--A New Voice From Old Russia--By Randolph Bartlett

ELEVENTH PAPER IN A SERIES ON THE MODERN DRAMA

HERE is no civilized country concerning the life of whose people Americans know less, and certainly care less, than Russia. Roughly speaking, we know that the Jews are persecuted, that the Czar is in constant danger of assassination, that political offenders are exiled to Siberia, that the army and navy were beaten by the Japanese, that the winters are cold (we have no line on the summers) and that their names are as bewildering as a Sunday supplement. After all, this is not strange, for they are a different people, of the slightest racial connection with us. Their language is tremendously difficult for the Teutonic and Latin people to master, and our trade relationships are almost insignificant. The Russian immigrant to this country is either an exile, a refugee, or a member of the poorest class, and his character is not such as to enlighten us as to the general conditions at home. Nor is there much in the literature of Russia which has been translated into English, to aid in gaining a comprehensive idea of social conditions in that great empire. Tolstoy is so obsessed with his mission that, while his writings are intensely Russian, one receives the impression that he selects his themes from typical exceptions rather than from typical generalizations. Aleksis Tolstoy has given us a few gripping dramas, and Dostoevsky, Pushkin, and Goncharov have contributed valuable pages to the world's literature. Gorky reaches deep into the heart of the people, and probably has done more than all the others to give the outside world a view of the aspirations and ideals of the Russian people as a whole.

There is one other noted Russian, who achieved a high place in the literature of his own country, but who is known to English readers only through two plays, "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard," translated by George Calderon. These two simple dramas—the latter in particular—leave a stronger impression of bringing one into intimate contact with the actual Russian people, than almost any other writings that have found their way out of the realm of the Czar. While the fact in itself that we know so little of Russia and the Russians makes it somewhat dangerous to generalize from a single play, there is such an atmosphere of sincerity and realism in "The Cherry Orchard" that this is unavoidable.

This play deals with the passing of an old order and the arrival of the new. Madame Ranevsky represents the old regime, and as satellites there are her eccentric brother and an octogenarian retainer. On the other side are Madame Ranevsky's daughter Anya, Lopakhin, a member of the rising commercial class, and Yasha, a young servant. Madame Ranevsky is the owner of a large estate, but has become ruined through the inability of herself or her brother to meet new conditions. Their fortune is dissipated, and at length they have only their home and the cherry orchard, the pride of the family. This orchard is heavily mortgaged, and Lopakhin shows the owners how, by cutting the trees and dividing it into villa sites, they can make a big fortune from the leases. Their minds are not capable of assimilating the idea, however, and besides, they regard it as a sacrilege even to think of destroying the trees, failing to realize that if they do not do so the orchard will be sold to meet the mortgage, and the trees will meet their doom at the hands of strangers. Of the members of the old order, only the ancient retainer, Firs, realizes the situation, and characterizes these impotent ones in a term inadequately translated as "job-lots." His meaning, Calderon states, is "You are a bungling piece of work, chopped out with a hatchet and not finished at that."

Eventually, the mortgage is foreclosed and Lopakhin buys the orchard, takes possession of the estate, and the family departs, signifying the inevitable revolution in the social organization. Lopakhin is not grasping, nor unscrupulous. He does his best to save the "job-lots" from the results of their own impotence, but when he finds this is impossible he takes advantage of the situation. Of the ruined family, Anya looks forward to the future with real optimism. She feels a certain joy in emancipation from the cherry orchard and the traditions it represents, being inspired by the philosophy of a wandering student, Tropimof.

In itself, the story is not impressive, but the characterizations make it a delightful study. The reader may accept the whole on its face value, as a typical incident in the evolution of society, but by reading into it a symbolic interpretation it assumes a deeper significance. The cherry orchard is the dead weight, dragging upon the ancient masters, standing for all those elements which prevent the aristocrat from participating on an equal basis with the rising, vigorous class of emancipated serfs. It includes family shall be as they have been for generations. Once

pride, conservatism, tradition, the desire that things this obstacle is forcibly removed, there is hope for them, even Madame Ranevsky's brother, Gayef, whose impractical mind is shown by his habit of absently injecting declarations of billiard shots into his speeches, accepts a position in bank, and as the family is about to depart from the old home, a little scene expresses clearly the effect of the tragedy:

MADAME RANEVSKY. We must take our seats in ten minutes. (Looking around the room.) Good-bye, dear old house; good-bye, grandpapa! When winter is past and spring comes again, you will be here no more; they will have pulled you down. Oh, think of all these walls have seen! (Kissing Anya passionately.) My treasure, you look radiant, your eyes flash like two diamonds. Are you happy—very happy?

ANYA. Very, very happy. We're beginning a new life, mamma.

GAYEF (Gaily). She's quite right, everything's all right now. Till the cherry orchard was sold we were all agitated and miserable; but once the thing was settled finally and irrevocably, we all calmed down and became jolly again. I'm a bank clerk now; I'm a financier—red in the middle! And you, Lyuba, whatever you may say, you're looking ever so much better, not a doubt of it.

MADAME RANEVSKY. Yes, my nerves are better; it's quite true. (She is helped on with her hat and coat.) I sleep well now. Take my things out, Yasha. We must be off. (To Anya) We shall soon meet again, darling—I'm off to Paris; I shall live on the money your grandmother sent from Yaroslav to buy the property. God bless your grandmother! I'm afraid it won't last long.

ANYA. You'll come back soon, very soon, won't you mamma? I'm going to work to pass the examination at the Gymnase and get a place to help you. We'll read all sorts of books together, won't we, mamma? (Kissing her mother's hands.) We'll read in the long autumn evenings, we'll read heaps of books, and a new, wonderful world will open up before us. (Meditating.)—Come back, mamma!

MADAME RANEVSKY. I'll come back, my angel.

Of a surety, there are few of us who have not our cherry orchards, encumbering valuable parts of our lives which could be made productive. Tchekhof would have us cut them down before it is too late, and before others have made use of the opportunities we have neglected. Thus "The Cherry Orchard" is more than an intimate view of the clash of the old and the new in Russia.

In "The Sea Gull," Tchekhof has given another view of the landed proprietor, but this is only incidental to the portrayal of certain types of the artistic class. The dominant figure is Madame Arcadina, a successful actress, selfish and oblivious to the ideals of others, even of her son, Treplef, a young literary dilettante with Pantheistic tendencies. Treplef is in love with Nina, a young woman who aspires to be an actress. Arcadina has attached to herself, by force of will, a successful author, Trigorin, with whom she is as much in love as it is possible for her to be with anyone but herself. Nina has been a great admirer of Trigorin's books, and falls in love with him through their medium. The author is attracted to the girl by her youth, although he, too, seems incapable of an absorbing passion and sees everything merely as so much material for a new story. Nina is the "seagull of the play, the entire action of which is epitomized in Trigorin's own suggestion to her of her possibilities from the fiction viewpoint: "A girl—like yourself, say—lives from her childhood on the shores of a lake. She loves the lake like a seagull, and is happy and free like a seagull. But a man comes along by chance and sees her and ruins her, as this seagull has been shot, just to amuse himself."

Treplef, jealous of Trigorin because of his influence over Nina, challenges him to a duel. Trigorin refuses to fight. Being unable to persuade Trigorin to shoot him, Treplef shoots himself, inflicting only a slight wound. His mother at once becomes affectionate and a few days later the following typical scene ensues:

TREPLEF. These last few days I have loved you just as tenderly and trustfully as when I was a child. I have nobody left now but you. But why, oh why do you submit to this man's influence?

ARCADINA. You don't understand him, Constantine. He has the noblest nature in the world—

TREPLEF. Yet when he was told that I meant to challenge him to fight, his noble nature did not prevent him from playing the coward. He is going away. It's an ignominious flight!

ARCADINA. What rubbish! It was I who asked him to go.

TREPLEF. The noblest nature in the world! Here are you and I almost quarreling about him, and where is he? In the garden or the drawing-

room laughing at us, improving Nina's mind, and trying to persuade her that he's a genius?

ARCADINA. It seems to give you pleasure to try to hurt my feelings. I respect Trigorin, and I must ask you not to abuse him to my face.

TREPLEF. And I don't respect him. You want me to believe him a genius too; but you must excuse me, I can't tell lies; his writings make me sick.

ARCADINA. This is mere envy. Conceited people with no talent have no resource but to jeer at really talented people. It relieves their feelings, no doubt!

TREPLEF (Ironically). Really talented people! (Angry.) I am more talented than all of you put together, if it comes to that! (Tearing off his bandage.) You apostles of the common-place have taken the front seats in all the arts for yourselves, and call nothing but what you do yourselves legitimate and real; you persecute and stifle all the rest. I don't believe in any of you; I don't believe in you and I don't believe in him!

ARCADINA. Decadent!

TREPLEF. Go back to your beloved theater and act your pitiful, stupid plays!

ARCADINA. I never acted in such plays. Leave me! You cannot even write a miserable vaudeville if you try! Kief artisan! Parasite!

TREPLEF. Skinflint.

ARCADINA. Tatterdemalion! (Treplef sits down and cries quietly.) You insignificant nobody! (Walking up and down agitatedly.) Don't cry. Don't cry, I say. (Crying.) Please don't cry. (Kissing his forehead, cheeks and head.) My darling child, forgive me—forgive your wicked mother! Forgive your unhappy mother!

TREPLEF (Embracing her). If you only knew! I have lost everything. She doesn't love me, and I cannot write any more—all my hopes are lost.

ARCADINA. Don't lose heart. It will be all right in the end. He is going away. She will love you again. (Wiping away his tears.) Stop crying. We are friends once more.

TREPLEF (Kissing her hands). Yes, mother.

Nina goes to the city to try to become an actress, and is Trigorin's victim. He abandons her soon, at the demand of the strong-willed Arcadina, and she struggles on alone. She was merely "a subject for a short story" to him—a life passion to her. Treplef, disconsolate, seeks relief in literature in which he achieves a certain success, but one night Nina, hoping to see Trigorin, comes to the house secretly, Treplef sees her, his former emotion returns overwhelmingly, and he commits suicide. Thus the main theme contains no consecutive motive, in the sense of a succession of incidents bound together by a single principle, but merely portrays interesting persons in unusual circumstances.

One of the interesting features of the play is the side-issue relating to the attitude of Shamrayef, manager of the estate of Arcadina's brother Sorin, to his employer. Shamrayef is absolute dictator of everything that pertains to the farm. Arcadina wants to drive to the town. She must get the horses from Shamrayef. Impossible! The rye is being harvested and all the horses are busy. Even the carriage horses have been drafted for the work. The actress storms. The owner of the horses entreats. Shamrayef is obdurate. He threatens to resign his position. It is humorously terrible! Shamrayef seems to regard himself as the guardian angel of these precious horses. Later in the play one of the persons has a four-mile trip to make and it is a stormy night. Horses? Shamrayef is indignant. Had they not just been to the station? To the appeal that there are others besides these in the stables the little czar turns a deaf ear. The horses are saved and the man walks the four miles in the storm.

Altogether, however, "The Seagull" is not a satisfactory drama, and it is difficult to understand its success on the Russian stage. The innate character of the persons involved in the drama is such that it cannot be other than a series of disjointed incidents. They do not progress, and placed in an atmosphere of real action they would be either dull or inconsistent. Consequently, it is a drama of atmosphere rather than of action. The characters begin to act, and then double back on their trail. Still, this is characteristic of these people, for the artist is seldom a man of action.

Calderon's laborious introduction to the plays is unconsciously amusing, when you recover from the first sensation of exasperation with this man who seeks to clothe the obvious in the vocabulary of profundity. The caliber of his intelligence can be card-indexed from his solemn assurance that "Tchekhof used his symbol beautifully and pathetically, while in Ibsen's use of symbols, such as that tower from which the Master-builder fell, while his sweetheart hopped about and waved a flag like a suffragette, or that wild duck which the old gentleman kept in the attic, there is always a touch of ugliness and insanity."

IN PARIS' SUBURBS OF A RAINY DAY

I WAS telling you last week about my trip by boat down the river from Paris to Saint-Germain-en-Laye. I finished by describing the great suburban manufacturing districts lying along the river to the west of Paris just outside of the fortifications: Neuilly, Puteaux, Levallois-Perret, Asnieres, Clichy-la-Garenne, etc. There are many names, a fact which we easily understand when we consider that these towns were in the old days all separate little villages which have now grown together so that they form one great city with one another and with Paris. The names are rather confusing, and the custom house regulations must be a perfect nuisance to people going frequently back and forth from one section to another. At each gate of Paris there are officials who examine every package, however small, to see if there is not something dutiable in it. And at the city limits of each of these little sectional towns the same officials are stationed waiting to catch the would-be smuggler. These customs men visit the street-cars, trains and boats that pass through their precincts. It is an utterly stupid system and certainly does not pay the salaries of all of these officials. But the most interesting thing about it is the argument which I have actually heard advanced for its continuation: "What would all of these officials have to live on if their positions were abolished?" This reminds me of the argument of a Bavarian friend of mine on the subject of reapers: "No! No! We don't want your advanced American reapers and binders. They may be economical, but they do not employ so many hands, and what would all of our peasants have to live on?" And the government actually, for a while at least, discouraged the use of advanced methods in the great Bavarian grain fields for this reason.

Speaking of which recalls the French attitude toward all foreign goods. This is not an attitude of healthy competition, the best man winning. Not at all. It impresses me as being an attitude of bitter resentment against the hustling American and German salesman and merchant who render it imperative for the Frenchman either to work or to risk losing his supremacy in his own country in his own specialties. Going along these river banks lined with great manufactories one cannot help being filled with the questioning thought: are these thriving enterprises due to native or foreign endeavor? And very often the answer is: foreign, in spite of the French names which are shown on the signs. You cannot judge by the name at all. Often American or German, or even English capital has a controlling interest in what was once a French firm. This is true even of some of the great old wine companies. The French newspapers speak bitterly of all this foreign invasion, but seem unwilling to speak the truth which is, that this is a matter of fair competition and that the most enterprising and energetic nation wins.

Speaking of aeroplanes, and as I wrote in my last letter, the banks of the river are lined with aeroplane manufactories, the French have been doing all kinds of things to collect money enough to build a fleet of army-aeroplanes so as to have the supremacy of Europe in this field, and secretly, no doubt, with the idea of fighting Germany and winning back their self-respect and Alsace-Lorraine, both lost in '71. Their astonishment was great when they discovered last week that the hated Germans had also been working on the quiet and had actually ready for use more aeroplanes and more aviators than the French, besides having sixteen great Zeppelin ships able to carry loads of dynamite or other explosives sufficient to blow all of the French forts to atoms. One French paper had the courage to come out and say that if the French would only get over the habit of patting themselves continually on the back and thinking themselves the only people on earth, and everybody else, especially the Germans, fools, it would be better for them. They are simply itching for a fight with Germany. They talk about their great wealth, but the truth is this wealth consists almost entirely of small saving-bank accounts which, at the first word of war, would all be drawn out of the banks and buried in the cellar, so what use would that be to the country? And then these crowds of toughs or "apaches" with which these river suburbs are simply infested would all come out and prey on decent people, ready to start a commune or a revolution if only a leader appeared, and weakening the strength and confidence of French arms by their anarchistic propaganda and their utter lack of comprehension for the very meaning of the word patriotism.

* *

But our boat moves on, we glide under bridge after bridge, past island after island, and finally get to the straggling edge of the great city, where houses become few and far between and green fields dotted with trees furnish a relief from the endless succession of brick walls and chimneys. The rain continues to pour down and the wind is very strong, but we seek a corner where we are a little pro-

tected and enjoy our trip none the less. (And I may add that it has not stopped raining for more than a few hours at a time from that day to this).

We pass Saint-Denis but see little of it that is of any interest. There begin to be many country places, some of them magnificent, and an occasional steam yacht or motor boat tied up to the river bank. The boat and bath houses are deserted, partly, no doubt, because of the rain, but also because of the season, for just now all wealthy and fashionable France is at the beach or mountain resorts, or at the mineral-water cures. These country places will be occupied a little later after the summer season is over. They belong, for the most part, to members of the leisure class, people who do no work at all and who pass their entire time visiting one resort after another, but whose income often necessitates occasional lengthy stays at these country homes where, of course, living is infinitely cheaper than at any genuine resort.

It is a curious life, often enough a pathetic spectacle, this life of vanity, of keeping up appearances. The idea that the men might work and add to the family income does not seem to be acceptable because among many of this class work is considered a disgrace. But the incomes are limited. The fact that prices are getting higher does not, unfortunately, increase the average income. At times, those who were rich in the past see themselves gradually getting comparatively poor, and they skimp in all corners, bury themselves for months together in their country places so that they may make a show for a few months at Paris or at a resort. They rent part of their magnificent apartments so as not to be saddled with the stigma of moving into smaller quarters, they rent an automobile for a month or two because they cannot afford really to own a car, and during their stay in the country they wear out their old clothes, keep but one servant, go without fire and almost starve so as to save every penny.

This is no imaginary picture but a real condition, the result of French laws which forbid primogeniture as is in force in England. This gradually splits up the fortunes, even the greatest of them, and, taken in conjunction with the raise in prices, spells the gradual increase of poverty among the old families and, of course, the gradual entry of the "nouveau riche" into French society.

* * *

This history is all an open book to you as you go down the river. Here we see new places kept up with the most lavish expenditure, old places which have been left to decay although they are truly magnificent, places that are for sale, or that have been split up and sold piecemeal, old chateaus that are now public asylums or tenements or mere ruins, groves that must once have been exquisite parks, surrounded by high walls or splendid old wrought iron fences, now just masses of neglected undergrowth. This pride of race is gradually disappearing and in many cases when necessity urges these old families to dispose of their properties they do so without much shame. But there is no doubt that prejudice and tradition stand in the way of advancement in this country to an extent that it is difficult for us free Americans to understand.

Finally, we run in underneath wooded hills on our left, the hills on which Saint-Cloud and Versailles are built, and we turn toward the north and land below the city of Saint-Germain, one of the old royal residences. We climb the hill that leads up to the palace which is large and of peculiar but beautiful architecture. There is a Gothic chapel here from the thirteenth century, and a museum of national antiquities. But we have no desire to visit any of these things, hating show places and especially museums. However, we were amused to read in our guide book that Louis XIV, finding this palace too small for him, built the sumptuous palace of Versailles. In another place you may read that, finding the palace of Versailles too small he, or another king, constructed several additional wings. What amuses us is their idea of the amount of space necessary for their needs; for either one of these palaces is a hundred times as large as the largest private chateau now in existence. One of the French princes, Philippe of Orleans, had an income of three million dollars a year, yet was constantly without money and incessantly contriving means of enlarging his credit. O, the poor rich!

The return from Saint-Germain en Laye by train is slow and rather monotonous. The track winds a great deal and there are many little stations. Much of the trip is through ugly suburbs and we were glad to get home. But it was an enjoyable day, and the voyage down the river is well worth taking.

* * *

Behymer was here last week, but by the time this is printed he will no doubt be back home again, and so I need not tell you how well he looks and how glowing are his accounts of his European trip. He is certainly one of the few managers who have had the privilege of being received into the homes of the great European artists, and this is no doubt largely

due to the cordial reception we give these same artists in California, and all of the delicate personal attentions Behymer shows them when in our town. It is a good thing for us as well as for him, for it gives the artists a strong sympathy for us and our state, keys them up to give us of their best, and removes entirely that feeling, at times apparent in the greatest of artist's performances, of so much work for so much money, and it is rather a bore to sing or play for these people anyway!

Behymer's own letters have already told practically all there is to tell about his trip, but that which interested me especially was what he had to say about his conversations with Siegfried Wagner. Siegfried would like to come to our Panama Exposition, but his mother is nervous about the ocean passage, especially since the Titanic disaster, and will not hear of it. And it seems as if Siegfried felt it his duty to bow to his mother's will in this matter. Behymer agrees with me that Siegfried is a good musician, though perhaps not a born composer, and that his position is naturally made very difficult by being his great father's son and having constantly to uphold that great reputation.

But the best thing of all is that Dippel will come to the west with his Chicago-Philadelphia opera company,—which is fully equal and in certain respects even better than the New York Metropolitan Company,—if only the people of the west will get together and demand it. As I understand it all that is needed is a guarantee. There is no doubt at all about the money coming back, for such a company in cities where there is no opera will be a tremendous drawing card. But it is sometimes difficult to move people to act promptly, as is necessary in a case of this kind, in the matter of a guarantee. Without this guarantee the company cannot, of course, be moved. For the company is not a private speculation of a manager but is supported by subscriptions from the society people of Philadelphia and Chicago. These society people, of course, make nothing on it, and they naturally cannot take any risk in sending the company on the road. It is up to the social world of the west to show itself equal in taste, wealth and enterprise to the cities of the east.

Behymer believes that if there is ever to be a musical center in America it will be in California, and I, personally, entirely agree with him. The Weimar and Bayreuth of America will be somewhere in the west, probably in the Southwest. It will not come all at once. Perhaps even we may have to wait for the great American genius. But the spirit is with us and we need but foster it. Meantime, it is a good thing to have a manager to look after our interests with the courage and enterprise of Behymer, and I, for one, with my love of California and of real art, wish him such material success that he may be able to continue the work he has begun.

FRANK PATTERSON.

P. S. It is still raining.
Paris, August 27, 1912.

TWO "GIRL" COMPANIES IN GOTHAM

AT the Park Theater which is the old, Majestic masquerading under another name, Clifton Crawford is playing "My Best Girl," a new musical comedy. The run has opened auspiciously, and the combination of Clifton Crawford with a musical comedy having the semblance of a plot, very clever dialogue and tuneful songs, is likely to prove a success. Mr. Crawford has a better chance in this play to show his skill as a comedian than he has had before and the opportunity is taken to make a star of him in reality as well as in effect. For a long time he has done a star's work, but the little preposition "in" which actors covet so much makes all the difference. It is no longer "My Best Girl" with Clifton Crawford, but "Clifton Crawford in 'My Best Girl.'" Let us hope it will mean dollars to him as well as fame. The book and lyrics of the play are by Channing Pollock, which accounts for their cleverness; the music by Mr. Crawford and Augustus Barrett is tuneful. They have managed to get into it the spice and variety that musical comedy needs, with plenty of dash and sentiment.

* *

The play concerns Richard Vanderfleet, supposed to be a deserter from the United States army, who finds himself at Governor's Island under arrest. Many funny things happen. At one time he is set to work by way of punishment to scrub the steps. And as his previous training has not fitted him to scrub steps a good deal of humor is extracted from the situation. The Colonel finds Vanderfleet dressed in a fatigue overcoat and a suit of pajamas and naturally objects. But Vanderfleet shows it is through no fault of his own. "You see I've been trying to take a bath all day and every time I sat down the hand started to play 'The Star Spangled Banner' and I had to get up." Miss Rita Stanwood has her chance, too, as 'The Best Girl.' It is something to see her and Mr. Crawford dance together.

The cast as a whole does effective work, and always the lines are pleasing. "You're from one of the first families" Daphne Follette is asked. "O, my, yes, one off the very first families—as you enter Pittsburgh," which reminds me of a feat of the postal service. In the early days, when emigrants landed at Castle Square, a letter came addressed to "John Smith, First House, America," and it reached its destination, the first house beyond Castle Square, at once.

Richard Carle, Hattie Williams and the "Girl from Montmartre" company are to be hosts Sunday at the Manhattan Lyceum in East Fourth street. They have invited all unemployed men in New York to be their guests and it is expected that the hall will be filled to its capacity of 2200. In person Mr. Carle and Miss Williams have distributed tickets. After last night's performance in company with the King of the Hoboes (Dr. Ben Reitmann) and Chuck Connors they went through the down town parks seeing that those who sleep on the park benches received the invitation. A circular has been distributed on the East Side making the announcement that the principals and company will appear in an entertainment of an unknown sort and that tickets may be obtained by unemployed men at the Manhattan Lyceum, the Alligator saloon and at Chuck Connors' place. The qualification which determines fitness for admission will not prove exclusive. It may be a comfort to some who accept the invitation to know how many there are in the same boat—and it may be saddening. During a strike that affected women in New York a friend from up town thinking to sustain the courage of one of her proteges took her on a week-day afternoon to the Hippodrome. It called for courage on the friend's part, for the woman was middle aged and Irish and she had dressed in what she thought would be an appropriate costume for the occasion and the two were a center of interest. The woman glanced over the vast assembly of people and a sympathetic look came into her face and her tone softened as she said: "Shure, and there's many besides me as haven't work."

Mr. Carle and Hattie Williams have introduced into the second act of "The Girl from Montmartre" J. M. Barrie's satire, "A Slice of Life." The maid's part, originally played by Hattie Williams, has been changed into a butler and is essayed by William Danforth. Played as it is with special scenery propped up on the stage the little play has become a broad burlesque of itself as it was first presented. The beauty of Barrie's little masterpiece is that it lends itself as well to this treatment as to delicate, subtle satire. ANNE PAGE.

New York, Sept. 16, 1912.

Dead Sea Fruit

There is a story in circulation to the effect that in the event of the success of the Progressive cause in November, a certain Los Angeleno will be called to the national capital as secretary of the treasury. Or in the event that this honor is not deemed a sufficient reward for services rendered, his wife who has social aspirations, may make her obeisance before the King and Queen at the court of St. James as the wife of the American ambassador. Colonel Roosevelt is said to be very grateful for the support accorded him, and intends to reciprocate if he reaches the White House.

Grinding of the Fay Mills

Benjamin Fay Mills, who founded the Los Angeles Fellowship, is doing yeoman service for the Progressive cause in the middle west. He appears to have been especially engaged to defeat Congressman William B. McKinley of Illinois, who was the Taft manager in the pre-convention campaign.

Belied His Name

Captain Thomas B. Merry, who snuffed out his life in Portland this week, was for years a resident of Los Angeles, where he did newspaper work on all of the important dailies of the city. His brother for a long time served as American minister in the South American republics. Captain Merry was regarded as an authority on horses. A son who survives him is a newspaper man in Sacramento.

Republican National Committeeman Russ Avery of Los Angeles has resigned his office. Mr. Avery telegraphed Chairman Hilles that he was for Roosevelt and Johnson, the leaders of the state "Republican" party, "not now affiliated with the national organization of the Republican party." Only, the state "Republican" party to which he gives allegiance is the Progressive or third party which has appropriated the Republican insignia for the purpose of getting on the ballot. It is a queer sort of reasoning by which men otherwise of reputable conduct appease their political consciences. They are not national Republicans, they are Progressives; in the state they are still Republicans, with an adjectival prefix. It is amusing sophistry, this.



Here's a Good Investment

One of the oldest historic landmarks in Southern California, the ancient hacienda on the Requena rancho, now standing at the corner of San Pedro, Wilmington and Second streets, is to be torn down to give place to a saloon. Such is the onward march of civilization. The old building is one of the last of the type of architecture in vogue in the pueblo days of Los Angeles. In fact, I understand that it is the only building of that type with the exception of the old Spanish church on the Plaza. What an opportunity for a capitalist, who would preserve sentiment and reap a fortune for himself at the same time! The building which is soon to be displaced is along the right of way of the proposed municipal railway, and there is no reason to doubt that it will be a valuable corner in the near future. Just as it is, with a few simple furnishings it could be made into a picturesque Spanish restaurant, where tourists would be attracted by its unique structure, its age and picturesque history.

Well Known Banker at Home

President J. F. Sartori of the Security Savings Bank and Trust Company, who has been absent in Europe all summer, is home from his ramblings abroad and with him has come the last of the pilgrims who have been touring the other side. The list includes more than a score of the best known people of the city, and already I hear of plans under way for crossing the Atlantic next year. The trip becomes more popular each season, and where it formerly was made by a dozen persons, it is now taken by hundreds. Mr. Sartori reached this side in time to attend the annual session of the American Bankers' Association at Detroit, of which he is an officer. He is strongly in favor of the Aldrich currency reform measure as also are Stoddard Jess and others of our leading local bankers.

Dreyfuses in the French Alps

Friends of the talented Dreyfuses, Louis the linguist and the songbird Estelle, write from a point in the French Alps, above Geneva, where they are ensconced in the "finest little Swiss chalet" and are having a wonderful rest, long mountain climbs and much to eat of "awfully good French cooking" and much rain, too, for the season, in the Alps, as in Paris, has been an exceedingly wet one. The sojourners from Los Angeles report having met with many interesting experiences. They were planning to be back in Paris September 15, where they have rented Archie Sessions' apartment. Both are well and greatly enjoying their outing.

Conservatory Plan Top Heavy

Regarding the construction of a conservatory in Eastlake park to cost the taxpayers \$80,000 it is interesting to note that there seems to be no unanimity of sentiment regarding its utility. The consensus of competent judges seems to be against it, although the park commissioners are men known as plant lovers. The building certainly seems too heavy in construction, and compared with cost per unit of floor space in conservatories in city parks elsewhere, is surely expensive. The whole affair has the appearance of a well meaning attempt at home manufacture of what is really a highly specialized industry. Had the park commission secured the services of a regular greenhouse constructor instead of entrusting the work to an architect, fresh from college, without previous experience, there would have been no difference between the Los Angeles Horticultural Association and the park commission. The crude new conservatory scheme is especially an eyesore in the sight of the association, because a proper conservatory, sensibly constructed, has been a pet project for the last ten years. It has been its desire to make Los Angeles the horticultural center of the United States, to occupy the same position to our country as Kew to the United Kingdom and Erfurt to the German Empire, and the association had hoped that the construction of a conservatory would bring this about. Dr. A. D. Houghton, a well known municipal figure, recognized as a plant authority, and whose position with Southern California horticulturists is well established, is leading the campaign against the

present plans of the park commission, and is making a strong fight. To quote the doctor, and as revealing how deeply he is interested in stopping this municipal mistake he says "The park commission shows as much knowledge of greenhouse construction as Billy Manning does about the pre-Leibschewskian position of the problem of the parallel postulate."

Lily Langtry's Early Realty Deal

Lillian Langtry is headed this way for a season in vaudeville, and her visit will recall her first Los Angeles appearance, which was in 1888, at the head of her own company, when the Grand Opera House was the leading theater. She played here a week, went to San Francisco for two weeks, and returned to Los Angeles for an additional engagement. She was in her prime, with King Edward, then Prince of Wales, as an admirer, and Eddie Gebhardt a faithful follower. On her first visit, Mrs. Langtry invested in real estate on Broadway near Eighth, at an expense of about \$4000. She acquired fifty feet with a small cottage, and ten years later, when she sold the land and building at a profit of \$8000, she thought she was making easy money. Her thrifty soul will suffer pangs when she finds that the same property cannot be touched now for less than \$4000 a foot.

Publisher Earl Humiliated

Colonel Roosevelt's reception was all that his admirers could have wished. The crowd was large and enthusiastic. The press work done by Mr. Earl's newspapers was worthy the man and the occasion. It was exuberant, enthusiastic and maudlin, and accomplished its purpose. It gave the owner of the Express-Tribune an opportunity to shine, of which he took full advantage—almost to sorrow, so far as the Shrine meeting was concerned. There Meyer Lissner, in introducing the owner of the Roosevelt organs was so fulsome as to set the big crowd on edge, and when Mr. Earl made his appearance with a carefully prepared speech, evidently the first of his career, scores of unkind persons impolitely insisted that Mr. Earl retire. May I venture to suggest to Mr. Earl that if he does not want to destroy his usefulness as a political prophet he should forego the personal publicity accompaniment. It is well to let the people forget in whom the ownership of his two papers is vested. This reminds me that another faux pas was the sending out by the Express and Tribune of blue "reserved seat" tickets to its advertising clientele, accompanied by a courteous letter which gave the impression that each advertiser was the only one to receive the prized admission to the Roosevelt rally. It was a brilliant scheme—or would have been, had it worked. But, alas, when the holders of the blue tickets presented their passports at the Auditorium doors, they found the seats were all taken, and that only pink tickets would admit them to reserved seats.

"Come Aboard, Sir!"

Members of the Chi Psi Alumni association of Los Angeles started on their annual cruise in the good ship "Royal" belonging to Dan Laubersheimer, past commodore of the Southern California Yacht Club, Sunday, from San Pedro, but a lack of wind when the party was about two hours out at sea, came near marring the enjoyment of the occasion. For a long time the tantalizing calm pursued them, so that the yacht made the speed of the average messenger boy seem like an Oldfieldian pace by comparison. But the jolly fellows on board made the best of the situation by amusing themselves with the provisions and other supplies which, I hear, were sufficiently plentiful.

Welcome to the Commoner

William Jennings Bryan will supply the second feature in the season of local campaign oratory opened by Col. Theodore Roosevelt. The Commoner is due in Los Angeles Monday and is sure to draw big crowds at his trio of speeches since the orator has always been a great attraction here. Los Angeles has not seen him for several years, but it is believed that he is stronger to-day than ever, and interest is whetted by the gossip that he is deliberately trailing the head of the Progressive ticket. Los Angeles is not likely to be neglected by the big guns of any of the parties hereafter.

El Centro Draws a Prize

From reading copy on the sporting desk of the Los Angeles Examiner to teaching the young idea how to shoot along lines of English and oratory in Imperial Valley is the jump that was made this week by Earl E. Weller, one of the better known of the younger set of newspapermen in this city. Weller graduated from Occidental College a few years ago, and entered the newspaper field, first as amateur athletic editor of the old morning Herald. He remained there until the Tribune was organized and was engaged as sporting editor of the Earl morning sheet. He staid there until the big shakeup came in January, which caused a retrenchment all along the

line, and then went to the Examiner. While working on these two sheets Weller attended the graduate department of the University of Southern California and accomplished the unique feat of taking both his master's degree and high school teacher certificate in one year. Weller was a steller debater in college and was editor of the Occidental students' paper so that when the El Centro high school board set about looking for a man to teach English and oratory its attention was called in his direction. The new pedagogue is planning to inject a course of journalism into the curriculum for fourth year students.

Members of the Craft Foregather

Journalistic soirees are getting to be quite the fashion among local newspaper men and women, it would seem, judging from the number of parties that are being held at the homes of various members of the local press. The latest of these affairs was given last Saturday night at the home of Mrs. Juana Neal Levy, society editor of the Evening Herald, on Ellendale avenue, and was an enjoyable Bohemian affair from all accounts. About fifty-five writers and artists from the Los Angeles dailies were in attendance. Workers on the afternoon sheets were especially to the fore, as those on the sunrise dailies for the most part were on duty. A feature of the evening's entertainment was a monologue by Will H. Anderson, a well known local attorney, whose histrionic light has hitherto been hidden under the proverbial bushel.

Escaped the Steam Roller

Russ Avery avoided running afoul of the same steam roller that proved its usefulness in the Republican national committee by sending in his resignation as California member of the national committee, a position accorded him when Meyer Lissner declined the honor. The convention adopted a resolution empowering the committee to remove any member found supporting another national ticket. Avery, as chairman of the late Republican county convention, steam-rolled the minority out of the gathering, because that faction insisted upon demanding resolutions favorable to Taft and Sherman as part of the Los Angeles county Republican platform. Realizing that he was slated for removal Russ resigned. I have an idea that P. A. Stanton may be his successor.

Freaks of Politics

Politics, especially the California brand, often cuts queer capers. When Hiram Johnson was first elected governor of the state, he was importuned to snatch the official scalp of J. W. Jeffrey, formerly of Los Angeles, who for several years had been state horticultural commissioner. Jeffrey was acknowledged to be the man for the place, but as he had been supported by Otis, the new administration would have none of him, and he was forced to walk the plank. That was less than two years ago. Now, Jeffreys is being urged to take the field as a Roosevelt-Johnson aspirant for congress to oppose Charles F. Curry, who landed the recent primary nomination in the Sacramento district. It has caused great sorrow in the Times editorial department that Jeffrey should have strayed from the fold.

Returns to the Fold

Trejoice over the good fortune of my former assistant city editor on the lamented Evening News, Nelson Kingsland, who has returned to Los Angeles to accept the position of publicity manager for the El Segundo Land Company, which I understand carries with it a salary rather better than the average newspaperman's stipend. Kingsland arrived in Los Angeles last week from Chicago where he has been on the staff of the Chicago Record-Herald. He is accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Jessie Kingsland, well known in newspaper circles, and their bonnie little nine-year-old daughter, Katherine. The trio will make their home on San Mareno avenue.

Oil Merger Regarded as Unlikely

Los Angeles takes little stock in the New York reports of the transfer of control of the Associated Oil Company to the Union. While such a merger does not appear unnatural, conditions are not ripe for such a purchase. The Associated Oil Company has a capital of \$40,000,000 in stock with a bond issue of several millions more. The Union Oil Company is capitalized in excess of \$50,000,000 with many bonds. The amalgamation would bring together an aggregate capital that would make even New York gasp. Associated is listed on the New York stock exchange, but there has been no real trading in the shares. Union never has had a broad trading market, although it is more widely scattered than any other California security, not excepting Mexican common, which several times of late has had stock sales of a million dollars in Wall street. Union is in such a financial condition that it cannot take on any further obligation. The Southern Pacific will be forced out of the petroleum-producing business in

the near future, so far as the outside market is concerned. When that time arrives a big bargain will have been secured as the company will have to sell Associated and a forced sale will not bring anything like the real value of the property.

Spreading a Good System

That the Southern Pacific is planning to adopt the system of educating apprentices in its mechanical department, which has been in vogue for many years with the Santa Fe, was the announcement made in local railroad circles this week. The Santa Fe has been conceded to be far in advance of other railway systems in its education of mechanics. The railroad not only has a system of instruction in the shops, but also a school in which the apprentices are taught mechanical engineering. The Espee is showing commendable appreciation in preparing to do likewise.

Federal Judgeship Plum Hanging

Southern California has long been in need of an extra federal judge, and indications are that congress may take cognizance of the want at an early day, certain lawyers in this city having received advices from Washington to that effect. Already, friends of various members of the bar are getting busy. The place will be for life, with a salary of \$6000 a year, and it is predicted that W. J. Hunsaker will have first refusal. A few years ago, when Frank P. Flint first went to Washington as United States senator, Oscar Lawler, then United States district attorney, was slated for the prospective berth, but with a Democratic President that is unlikely, as enough pressure may be brought to bear to postpone action until after next March.

Reform Law That Is Needed

Reliable investment concerns are foremost in the endeavor to gain state supervision of building companies, which at present have no official inspection. Several hundred have been organized, and many have declared dividends after they have been in operation less than a year. It behooves the Los Angeles Realty Board to take cognizance of the situation and continue its agitation of the subject. There should be prepared for passage by the next legislature a bill giving the state board of public utilities the right to examine and regulate the matter of share flotation generally. At present, any one may purchase from the state a charter which conveys the privilege to prey upon the public. Through wild cat building concerns, men and women who can ill afford it lose their money; and this, unfortunately, reflects upon the legitimate corporations. California affords little protection to the public in such instances and a regulation is sure to attract more legitimate capital to the state than comes at present. The Los Angeles stock exchange also should lend a hand in remedying the lax conditions.

La Canyada to Be Linked

About three months ago The Graphic printed a story that Los Angeles and Glendale would soon have a second Pacific Electric trolley connection, but at the time it was semi-officially denied. It now develops the rights of way for the new road have been secured and that the line is to be in operation by the first of the year. It is not to be extended to Pasadena forthwith, owing to bridge and other connections that must be provided at a heavy expense. It is stated, however, that these adjuncts will come later. The new feeder will open up the section between Los Angeles and La Canyada which has been in need of such transportation for many years. Incidentally, the new line will provide a scenic environment unequalled in Southern California.

Must Take His Medicine

Earl Standard, twenty-three years old, sentenced to serve ten years in McNeil's Island prison for embezzling from the Pomona bank at which he was cashier, epitomized one of the most eloquent sermons against wrongdoing ever heard in a Los Angeles court of justice. Because he was unable to withstand temptation he must pass several of the best years of his life behind the bars. Newspaper stories to the effect that Standard had accomplices in the bank are not sustained by proof. I hear that after the erring youth has served part of his sentence an effort will be made to release him on parole. The federal law permits such procedure, although there is no provision for probation. No harder task was ever performed by Judge Wellborn than sentencing the young man.

Changes Presaged on Travel Routes

Los Angeles is to be much closer to Chicago and New York by the time the Panama canal is ready for traffic, as all of the transcontinental systems to and from this city are to double track their lines. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe are both rushing this work, with indications that it will be finished within two years. When this has been accomplished it is aimed to make the running time from here to

Chicago inside sixty hours. In fact, the Southern Pacific already has installed one such train, with others to follow, and the Santa Fe will do likewise. The trip to New York from Chicago, with almost instant connection, will make the time from coast to coast close to three full days, as against the four days now required. Probably fares will also be reduced, as the steamer tariffs will be so much lower. The time by fast passenger packet, from Los Angeles to New York, through the Panama canal, will be about twenty days, and the journey to several of the important European ports will occupy about the same time. This competition will force down fares, in the opinion of expert traffic men.

New Charter Continues Extravagance

Unnecessary provisions seem to overload the proposed new city charter, notable among the luxuries being the Municipal News, which has proved of no marked value, yet is to be continued at a cost of \$36,000 a year. Meyer Lissner tried to cut the clause for the maintenance of the paper cut from the new charter, but was unsuccessful.

Cabaret Chants to Be Undisturbed

On with the chants, let joy be unrefined. The cafe proprietors of Los Angeles, that is the majority of them, are rejoicing over the decision of the police commission this week not to place the ban on women entertainers and cabaret singers. There had been much agitation over the question, which first grew out of the chief's decision to banish women employees in all capacities from Oriental cafes. This, it was contended, was class discrimination, so plans were started to pass an ordinance eliminating the eternal feminine from all places where liquors were purchasable. Apparently, the police commission has reconsidered the proposition and the status quo will be undisturbed. It is said that certain of the cafes whose management felt the drain of the entertainers' salaries fall too heavily upon their cash registers, were silently behind the movement to eliminate them.

Newspapers Must Be Frank

October 1 there will be effective a new law which compels daily newspapers to place information with the postmaster regarding the identity of their owners, publishers, editors, business and other managers, with a statement of average circulation for the preceding six months. As at this time each of the morning and afternoon papers is insisting that it has the largest number of readers, the public, especially those who pay the advertising bills, will be interested in the forthcoming revelations. The new act provides that every person owning more than one per cent of the stock or bonds of any newspaper must disclose such ownership—which will work embarrassment to certain financial and other interests said to control the utterances of a local newspaper property that in the past has exerted considerable influence in the community. Hereafter, all reading matter that is paid for must be labeled "adv."

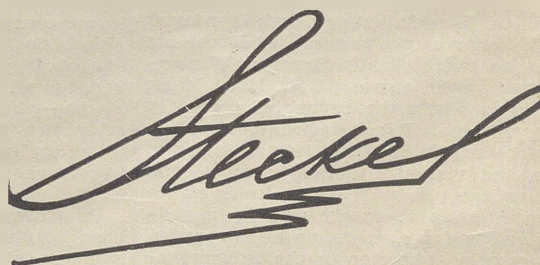
Ernest Ingold's Deserved Promotion

Ernest Ingold, assistant to President Elder of the Los Angeles Investment Company, has been made general manager of the Planada Development Corporation, which passed into the hands of the investment company last week, at a cost of \$1,000,000. The new town of Planada, which is in Merced county, 7000 acres of rich farm lands, water system, wells, buildings, etc., were included with the purchase. W. D. Deeble, secretary of the investment company, is vice-president of the new company, F. L. Mowder is treasurer, and Ingold will have general charge. Young Ingold has been making rapid advancement and his devotion to the interests of his company has brought him deserved recognition.

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Music



By W. Francis Gates

Various musical managers in Los Angeles are girding up their typewriters for a busy season. L. E. Behymer's return from his European trip sets his office furniture humming. Without Behymer there has been musical stagnation in Los Angeles; now that he has returned, we may again open up the piano and take down the old fiddle, shake up the bottle of pine tar and honey for the throat and clean the wheezes out of the cornet. No sooner had busy "B" struck town than he is away again to San Francisco to look after his preserves in that end of the state. Will Greenbaum needs a little looking after, now and then. And there are others.

For instance, here comes Mrs. E. M. S. Fite—now please don't pun on that name in musical managerial connections. But if you do, the madam is amply able to look after herself. She was a musical impresario with office in Carnegie Hall, New York city. Coming to the coast for health considerations, she, like others of us, decided to stay. She is managing the western tours of Mme. Cisneros, Arthur Friedheim, pupil of Liszt, Brabazon Lowther, baritone, and Dorothy Temple, soprano. Mrs. Fite has arranged fifteen dates on the coast for Mr. Lowther from November to January. He will sing with the San Francisco symphony orchestra and a date may be made for the Los Angeles orchestra. Mme. Cisneros stops here en route from Australia and sings six programs in California. Miss Temple is here in January and February and has twenty dates on the coast.

Of these artists, the greatest interest centers in the possible coming of Arthur Friedheim. While he is not well known to the general public, well-informed musicians will regard an opportunity to hear the widely celebrated pianist as a rare treat,—indeed, rare, as he has not before played on the Pacific coast. Friedheim was one of that brilliant group of young pianists who surrounded Liszt in the early eighties. D'Albert, Zichy, Joseffy, Rosenthal, Reisenaur, Grieg, MacDowell, Burmeister, Stavenhager, Nikisch, Weingartner, Sauer, Moszkowsky, Scharwenka and many more—what a galaxy of pianists and conductors! For not alone did pianists seek Liszt; violinists, conductors and composers flocked to his salon. Friedheim was regarded as one of the most brilliant players in the Liszt circle. After Friedheim's triumphant debut in Leipzig, in 1884, Liszt expressed his belief that the young pianist would become the great virtuoso of the age. He was then 24 years old. Friedham was one of the several Lisztian who were pointed out as being "a son of Liszt." Others, who enjoyed this honor at the tongues of European gossips were Seidl, Servais, Winterberger and more. But like Mark Twain's death the report was greatly exaggerated. Friedham was born at St. Petersburg in 1859, of German parents. He has visited America once, eleven years ago. Should Friedheim come to Los Angeles it surely will be a red-letter day for pianists, as he is reputed to have no superior in the interpretation of his master's compositions.

Another supply house for musical affairs is the Egan Lyceum bureau. Not to mention its other attractions, it lists Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Ber-

gen Marx trio, an opera quartet, a concern company, Brahm den Bergh, pianist recently with Calve, and other, minor artists. Soon the Music Teachers' Association will be in the field with a list. The public will have no paucity of musical pabulum this season. The Music Teachers' Association announces that Mrs. Sidle Lawrence will manage the business end of its artists' bureau. An attempt is being made to secure the enrollment of all musicians in the association who desire public or private engagements. The expense is a dollar a month, for enrollment, with a 15 per cent fee on engagements. The association also announces a series of eight concerts, at which each enroller is promised one appearance. The success of the idea is problematical. Only time will prove it. Certainly, it deserves the good words of all who would enhance the financial status of the average concert performer.

Officers of the Lyric Club for the ensuing year are Jessica Lawrence, president; Mrs. John R. Matthews, vice-president; Mrs. J. Moyse, secretary; Mrs. H. P. Flint, treasurer; Elfreda Peycke, chairman of the Music Committee; Mrs. G. J. Viera, of the Voice Committee; Mrs. Laird J. Stabler, printing committee. The club held its first rehearsal for the season last week. The membership list of 110 is filled and a strong series of programs is in course of preparation. The first concert will be given about December 1.

When the Orpheum orchestra features a Debussy suite, who can say that Los Angeles theater music is not "advanced." This orchestra is in the lead in this respect and I do not doubt the work was well given. There is no reason why the best—not the driest—music should not be heard in the theater. This talk of the public not enjoying good music is like that other drivel about "the tired business man"—all nonsense. He's not half so tired as the woman who does nothing all day long.

With Godowsky, Lhevinne, Mero, Arthur Friedheim, and Bloomfield-Zeissler announced for Los Angeles concerts this season, there is no dearth of first class piano playing in sight, especially as most of these will be heard in more than one program.

Arthur Alexander, recently organist at Christ Church and at the Auditorium, is now living in Passy, France. Archibald Sessions, also a former organist of Christ Church, is playing in Paris, and Charles Bowes, formerly of the Unitarian choir, is singing in the same city.

In the list of sopranos announced by Manager Dippel for the Chicago grand opera company, which sings here in March, is Edna Darch, the former piano prodigy pupil of Thilo Becker and vocal pupil of Elizabeth Carrick. Miss Darch—who retains her maiden name after her recent marriage—was then taken up by Calve and given the finishing touches to her musical education.

Creatore, Ferullo, and Ellery have been leading bands at St. Louis this summer, all old favorites in Los Angeles. Channing Ellery has been a godsend to Italian conductors in this country. Creatore, Rivela, Chiaffarelli, Ferullo, Donatelli and a half dozen others are products of Ellery engagements.

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ART AND ARTISTS By Everett C. Maxwell

At the Sketch Club, in the Copp Building, the first important one-man exhibition of the fall season is now open to the interested public. The collection is the latest work by Mr. Jack Smith and comprises about a dozen intimate studies of the ruins of Mission San Juan Capistrano. Mr. Smith is a prominent member of the California Art Club and the Sketch Club and his development as an artist of merit has been largely the direct result of his past five years' association with these progressive institutions. He came to Los Angeles five years ago from Cincinnati where he was a member of its art club although he had never touched brush or canvas until he came to the southwest. His later development has been almost phenomenal and many have watched this sincere painter's upward climb with much interest.

Mr. Smith passed six weeks at Capistrano in the early summer, in which time he made about thirty sketches of this the most majestic of the older mission edifices in California. He is now showing a group of thirteen studies representing both exterior and interior details from the picturesque ruin which are highly satisfactory. He has succeeded in suggesting not only the romantic and poetic quality of his subject, but its deeply religious atmosphere also. This is especially well felt in "Choir Loft in Serra's Church" and

"Sacristy of the Ruined Church." The former is one of the most interesting studies in the collection. It is painted in low tones of grays and browns cut with rich golden sunlight which streams in through an open door. "El Corridor," an interesting interior view of the old dining room, is, on the whole, Mr. Smith's most successful canvas. It is carefully defined. "La Tejas de la Mission" is an unusual study of the tile roofs of the old structure looking from the library toward the ruins of the old stone church.

"Padre's Garden" possesses an interesting foreground and "Old Chapel and Baptistry" is pleasing in tone, but would be greatly strengthened by an accented color note. "Sanctuary Corner of the Ruined Church" is an excellent study demonstrating the fact that sunlight weaves a soft gray veil over the object upon which it shines and not a patch work of glowing colors as many artists seem to think. "Corridor de la Mission" is notable for its technical qualities and "Old Spanish Doorway of Serra's Church" and "Puerta Chiquita" are small studies of picturesque details. "The Forgotten Brother" depicts a gaunt padre standing by an old cross in the graveyard; "Mission Canyon" and "Mission Hill" are well considered landscape studies. The gallery of the Sketch Club is open every day except Sunday from 2 to 6 p. m. and from 8 to 10 p. m. Admission is free and guests are welcome.

Los Angeles' Wonderful "Street of Shops" ---By Caroline Reynolds

Los Angeles' Street of Shops was a dim and shrouded highway Wednesday, with every window hidden from sight by veils of canvas, to protect it from the curiosity of the "peepers." But at eight o'clock in the evening when the curtain went up on the autumn fashion show, that same boulevard was a gleaming vista of lights and shadows, with every window a storehouse of beautiful fancies arranged against backgrounds produced by window dressers who are as true artists as those who wield the brush or pencil. The merry, admiring crowds that jostled through the streets to witness the glories were either breathless or loquacious with admiration for the effect, but few gave thought to the many long months of preparation necessary to achieve the dazzling displays.

Bullock's beautiful windows formed a loadstone for all passersby. They were sunset poems—soft, gray shadowy taupe materials arranged on a floor covered with an exquisite shade of ruby velvet. Great clusters of feathery ferns and tall bayonets of flaming gladioli were in striking contrast to the softer tones of the taupe. There is a subdued richness about the gowns and frocks at Bullock's that will have a rare appeal to the fastidious woman. Especially, would this desire for distinctive styles be appeased with one of their evening cloaks which was a center of admiration. It is of heavy black velvet, with a shawl of Spanish antique lace of silver, caught with gleaming cabochons of rhinestone, pearls and blister pearls. A dainty collar of Duchesse lace outlines the throat and is fastened with medallions of the crystal and pearls. Frenchy frocks with the swaggy air of Paris salons about them catch the eye at every point. One of especial beauty was of white charmeuse, the skirt draped with Chantilly lace. Beneath this filmy surface could be caught glimpses of tiny chiffon rosebuds in pink and blue, and the waist line was touched with blue velvet. Almost all bodices this year are fashioned largely of lace, and this one was especially novel in that one sleeve was of blue chiffon, trimmed with gold, and the other of net with knots of blue velvet, while one shoulder had a drape of lace and the other a drape of chiffon. A gown of apparent simplicity which was really elaborate was a white charmeuse with a broad vest of Duchesse lace front and back over silver-beaded net decked with rosebuds and knots of blue, and little sleeves of the lace. From a girdle of blue fell a triple apronne effect of the lace, and draping this was a pannier of white charmeuse trimmed with silver beading and rosebuds, with festoons of blue ribbon. One of the most stunning suits in the entire show was a taupe velvet Russian blouse, buttoned on the shoulder, with soft squirrel fur forming the high neck and the cuffs. The skirt, in the long clinging effect, had a panel back, and the draping of the coat in the back gave a slight pannier appearance. With this costume was worn a saucy hat of moleskin, soft and crushy, with a pomponier of white as trimming. Another moleskin hat of great attraction was a Cossack turban trimmed only with gold buttons and a paradise aigrette fastened at the left side. A dashing hat of this skin had a turn back brim, which came high on one side. The upper brim and crown were of ruby moire and the top of the crown was of the moleskin. A handsome ruby paradise aigrette swept to the shoulder. A novelty in an ultra dress hat was a lotus blossom, with petals of silver lace bound with white satin charmeuse. The crown, which formed the heart of the blossom, was covered with brocaded velvet ribbon with a floral pattern of ruby and

green. A magnificent white bird of paradise was caught at one side and the gossamer tendrils floated down over the brim and clear to the shoulder. There are beautiful furs to be found at the big store this year—an especially fine collection of the favorite moleskin as well as grey fox, silver fox, silver raccoon, Sitka fox, ermine, Alaska white fox, and others. There is something in each department to catch the eye.

Robinson's rifled their art department, which is a storehouse of treasures, to add to the beauties of their many windows, which were in blue, silver and gold. One of the prizes at this attractive shop was an evening wrap of rose-colored silk poplin, embroidered with small golden medallions, and made in the pannier effect to the knees, where there was a flounce of embroidery. Shaggy martin fur formed the collar and cuffs. An afternoon or evening wrap that carried one back to the days of the French revolution was of chiffon broadcloth, made in the military effect, buttoning high on one side, and with a triple cape collar. It was of Dubarry rose, with touches of black velvet and rose-colored buttons. One of the favorite dresses in the window was of charmeuse in light buff, with a pannier skirt revealing a wide band of brocaded silk in Vanderbilt blue. The waist had a sheer tulle yoke from which fell the bodice of charmeuse. Wreaths of rosebuds in burnt orange and blue decorated both waist and skirt. A chic reception dress or afternoon frock was a three piece suit with a skirt of white serge slashed to show insets of Vanderbilt blue velvet, decorated with handpainted china buttons. The French jacket, of the blue velvet, had a Robespierre collar embroidered in brick, navy blue and rose color, and the vest of knife plaited chiffon had broad lapels of embroidered chiffon. The millinery department has caused many surrenders, for the hats this year, while simply trimmed, have an elegance that is irresistible. A dress hat which drooped slightly at one side has a black velvet top, with pink ostrich band at the center of the brim, and a plaiting of pink meline formed a fluffy edge. Another alluring picture hat was composed of black plush, with a loose meline edge bound with black satin. A circle and buckle of rhinestones around the crown and two American beauty roses under the brim formed the only trimming. Here, too, were to be found the favorite "sets." One was in taupe shade, with an oval hat, made with a tall bandeau that set the hat high on the head on one side. The crown was of skunk, with a band of gold lace, the muff was of plaited taupe chiffon over gold lace, with bands of the skunk fur and a touch of gold lace, and the neck piece could also be used as an opera hood. Another set was of black velvet plush combined with white Thibet fox, the muff in a two piece effect, finished with a tassel, and with a black and white fringe encircling the sides where the hands slip in. The close-fitting toque was of the fur with a facing of plush, simply trimmed with two white fox tails. An imported chapeau was extremely large, and a little on the Gainsborough style. Plumes of different shades of Bordeaux were laid around the brim. A stunning black velvet hat, turned high on one side and drooping on the other, had a long black plume encircling the crown and drooping clear to the shoulder.

Across the street at Blackstone's people were crowding to get a glimpse of the two big windows which were brilliant in emerald green and American Beauty, the color scheme being carried out with chiffon and nodding roses. There was a cool, spacious look about their windows which was especially pleasing. Blackstones always make a

specialty of furs, and this season they are magnificent. One set of Kolinsky sables would make any feminine heart ache with the desire for possession. The stole was really a cape, giving the double effect in front. It was trimmed with corded satin and lined with fancy chiffon silk, as was the muff. A stunning set in black and white was of pointed fox and ermine, muff and stole being edged with fringe of chenille. In the millinery department there were fur attractions also. A Louison set, fresh from Paris, was of moleskin. The cape which gave a slightly hooded effect in the back, and the muff, of an odd three-corner shape, were trimmed with bands of taupe charmeuse. The hat, a little soft crushy affair, and the muff were decked with Gainsborough roses. A dressy novelty was a Siberian squirrel set in chinchilla colors, combined with black velvet. The jaunty toque had a crown of the velvet on which were perched a pair of Mercury wings, and the scarf gave a bow-knot effect at one side of the throat. Blackstones have an unusually fine outlay of trimmings this year in the favorite metallic shades, and their laces have also come in for especial attention. They are real laces—Duchesse, Princesse, rosepoint, Cluny, Bohemian, and all the others. A quaint Lucille dancing frock worn by one of the living models at this store was of Luxor maize silk, embroidered in pink and blue. It buttoned in front, and the bodice of delicate lace fell below the blue satin belt to form a peplum. Ruffled net outlined the neck and sleeves. The skirt was slightly pannier, and was drawn in around the ankles with a shirred puff, headed with crystal trimming. One of the handsomest creations was a Paquin pansy dress of black charmeuse with a net drape heavily embroidered with iridescent beads in pansy pattern and shade. The drape formed a semi-train. There were touches of the beading on the bodice which was a cobwebby affair of pale pink net over shadow lace and chiffon. One of the hats worn by the model created quite a sensation. The brim was of gold lace combined with dark seal-brown velvet, the crown was of the velvet and the trimming was a knot of mink and a shaded yellow aigrette. Blackstone's model matinees have been as great a drawing card as a famous actress.

The Ville is doing itself proud with models from Poiret, Paquin, Doucet, Drescoll, Hein, Weeks, Premet and Cheruit, and a number of them are being displayed in their windows, which are in the metallic shades, with draperies of old gold velour, showers of autumn leaves and tall golden lamps. A bewitching creation of black velvet on exhibition had an upper bodice of white net and lace reaching to a velvet drape embroidered in violets and silver thread. This drape was girdled at the waist by embroidery and fell to the knees to meet a wide band of white Bohemian lace finished with a band of fur. An evening costume of charmeuse had a drape of colored embroidered chiffon, with a bodice of net over shadow lace. The long mosquetaire sleeves were of black satin charmeuse, with crystal buttons. A ball gown of cloth of gold, with a panel of lace and an overdrape of gold-colored chiffon, hand embroidered in ribbon flowers and gold beads, was edged with gold bugle fringe. The skirt had a touch of golden brown velvet. Still another model was of chameleon, embroidered in gold threads. The satin foundation of the bodice was draped with shadow lace from shoulder to shoulder and fastened at one side with a rhinestone buckle. The skirt was finished with a band of Russian squirrel fur. Over this was worn a coat of black, uncut velvet, which fell to the knees to meet

a flounce of boullion over charmeuse. The long lapels and the cuffs were of skunk fur. A wrap of turquoise blue plush, in the draped effect, with a panel back, was also embellished with the skunk fur, and fastened on one side with a rhinestone buckle. The woman of fashion will be pleased with a moleskin plush coat, embroidered in silver thread in a floral design. The armhole, wrists and insets had tiny shirrings of velvet, and silver tassels made a pretty fastening.

Of course, the luxurious shop of the Unique has attracted as many sight-seers as a honey pot would bees. It is a beautiful frame for lovely women attired in fashion's fancies. It is strictly a woman's shop, and all its appointments are calculated to appeal to femininity. The first floor has a London blue carpet with Circassian finishings and furnishings; the elevator is a little palace; and the second floor, also of Circassian walnut, has a snuff carpet and decorations. The third floor has a carpet of DuBarry rose, with pearl gray finishing inlaid with gold leaf. The fourth floor is of ivory and green and there is a roof garden above. Not an incandescent can be seen, as all lights are artistically concealed. Of course they have the costumes to go with all this lavishness. Afternoon frocks and suits, reception gowns, evening robes—everything in ready-made garments abound. A dashing afternoon suit had a skirt of draped broadcloth, trimmed with lozenge buttons. The French coat was of matelasse—a material resembling brocade—with deep collar and cuffs of Siberian squirrel. Another suit was of black and white velvet—the skirt giving a taupe shade and the coat of the solid black with touches of the black and white. Two queenly wraps were on display, one of moleskin with a cape collar, and incredibly light and warm, the other of gray caracul edged with white fur. The evening robes come from famous modistes.

Harris and Frank make a display of latest things for men and women, and juveniles in windows bright with roses and autumn leaves. The women's suits are carefully designed—rational, but extremely handsome. Among the novelties is a French model auto coat, with a modified Robespierre collar and contrasting lining. Evening coats of charmeuse silk or velvet may be found here, as well as new draped three-quarter length evening wraps. The daytime charmeuse coats are in taupe, old blue, or black charmeuse. In suits, the showing of black and white and gray and white two-toned fabrics is particularly interesting. Buttons form a striking feature and touches of bright color are found on the revers, collars, etc. The popular materials for dresses are well represented in the many garments. In the men's department all styles are shown. The English model is there, better built and in newer styles; and the conservative sack style has been retained for the stout man. Norfolds are everywhere in rough blues, brown and grays and mixtures. Harris & Frank are enthusiastic over their fall showing of overcoats, which is noteworthy for completeness and authenticity. The convertible collar coats—belt black—imported English Burberry coats; the guard coat, three-quarter length Oxfords, and the Gabardines—are among the leading fall styles to be found here.

Fashion's boulevard is always one of Los Angeles' greatest attractions, both for the native and for the tourist; and when the Fashion Show reigns supreme it offers an exhibit not to be excelled anywhere. It has become known from coast to coast, and this year's display has set a higher standard than ever before.

Social & Personal

Another of Los Angeles' popular young bachelors surrendered to the wiles of the little blind god Wednesday evening, when Miss Sarah Watkins, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Watkins of Philadelphia, became the bride of Mr. Paul Rowan, son of Mrs. George D. Rowan of Wilshire boulevard. The service was read by the Rev. Doctor Jones of San Francisco, at the home of the bride's mother in Glendale. A color scheme of green and white was carried out with cut flowers and delicate ferns in the decorations. The bride, who had no attendants, was gowned in white charmeuse, trimmed with Point Venise, and her arm shower was of orchids and lilies of the valley. A wedding dinner was served after the ceremony. Crystal candelabra, with tall candles shaded by crystal beading lighted the table, and the centerpiece was of lilies of the valley and roses. Covers were arranged for the bride and groom. Mrs. George D. Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan, Mrs. Lillian Watkins, Miss Florence Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Boothe, Mrs. Frank Granger, Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, Mr. William Collins, and Doctor Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Rowan are enjoying an extended wedding trip, after which they will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Another bride of Wednesday was Miss Anita Mathis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. N. Mathis of 259 Pasadena avenue, who was married to Mr. Alvin Woodward Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell of South Figueroa street. The service was read at eight-thirty in the gardens of the Mathis' home, beneath a canopy of blossoms and lights shaded with pink. The gardens were strung with shaded lights, and the pathway of the bridal party from the house to the altar was outlined by pink-shaded globes. The bride was attired in a white satin charmeuse robe, made in the empire style, with a court train falling from the shoulders. It was draped with duchesse lace and trimmed with pearls. Her tulle veil was embroidered with seed pearls, and her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Mrs. Robert Fulton, the groom's sister, was matron of honor and her gown was of white satin with silver and pearl embroideries. She wore a white aigrette in her hair and carried a shower of orchids and violets. Bridesmaids were Miss Grace Mathis, Miss Margaret Pewtress, Miss Oneida Madison and Miss Ethel Bishop, who were all gowned alike in white satin with overdresses of pink marquisette. They wore corsage bouquets of violets and pink aigrettes in their hair, and their bouquets were of maidenhair fern with showers of narrow ribbon. Mr. Earle Mathis, brother of the bride, acted as best man. The little flower girls, Katherine Howard, Mary Annin and Martha Nichols, wore white lingerie frocks and carried baskets of roses tied with tulle bows. After the ceremony supper was served, the bridal table being laid in the patio. Roses and violets were used as a centerpiece and a pretty feature was the golden pedestals where the bride's cake and the groom's cake reposed in a frame of lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns. The young people are enjoying a trip through the east, and probably will go abroad for a long stay.

Miss Katherine Stearns, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Stearns of St. James Park, entertained Thursday afternoon with a delightful luncheon at the California Club, in honor of Miss

Juliet Borden, who is to be married October 2 to Lieut. Irving Hall Mayfield, and of Miss Elizabeth Hicks, who will become the bride of Lieut. Robert Frank Grosse Wednesday evening, October 30. Miss Hicks had set her wedding day for October 23, but Lieutenant Grosse could not obtain leave at that time. Miss Stearns was assisted by her mother, who presided at the big round table. The decorations, which were unusually beautiful, were of pink Killarney roses and maidenhair ferns. A great gilt wicker basket brimming with the roses occupied the center of the table and two smaller baskets were set on each side of the cloth, which was strewn with the blossoms. At each cover stood a tiny Bisque cupid upon whose wings reposed a quiver holding a tiny vase in which nodded a single rose and a spray of maidenhair. The little hand painted cards held in Cupid's hands marked places for twenty-four guests.

Mrs. Kate Vosburg, who has been abroad, where she visited her son, Mr. Keith Vosburg, who is at Oxford, has just returned to her home on South Figueroa street. Mrs. Vosburg will be hostess at a garden party Saturday afternoon, September 28, when she will be assisted by her sister, Mrs. Hugh Livingston Macneil.

Mrs. George Rice, Sr., of Pasadena avenue, has returned from a three months' visit with relatives and friends in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Storow of 534 Palmetto Drive, Pasadena, will entertain Wednesday, September 25, with a garden party, from 8 to 11.

Miss Frances Gray Pearce of Alabama, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Juliet Borden of South Hope street, has returned to her Southern home. Miss Pearce's stay in Los Angeles has been very quiet as she is in mourning.

Mrs. Dan McFarland and her daughter, Miss Sally McFarland, have returned to their home on West Twenty-third street after a year's absence in Europe.

General M. H. Sherman, Miss Lucy Pratt Sherman, Miss Lucy Clark and Mr. Robert M. Sherman, who are enjoying a tour of the world, are now in Peking, China.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Trippet will return October 1 to their home at 943 South Hoover street, after visiting relatives at Larimore, N. D., and stopping at various other points on the journey.

Mrs. Otis Lockhart and her daughter, Mrs. Harry Edward Chapman and Miss Kathleen Lockhart entertained with an informal tea Tuesday afternoon at their home on Oak street. Mrs. Chapman will leave soon for her home in Paris, where she will join her husband. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of South Union avenue entertained informally this week with a luncheon in her honor.

Miss Conchita Sepulveda who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott and also Miss Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, has gone north to visit Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, but will probably return later in the season.

Captain and Mrs. Charles McKinstry are enjoying a brief stay in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Chapman with her mother, Mrs. J. S. Chapman of North Soto street, will leave for Europe next month to continue her musical studies. Her

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

sister, Mrs. A. B. McCutcheon, will leave at the same time for Washington, D. C., where she will make her home.

Miss Rae Belle Morlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morlan of Manhattan place, has chosen for her bridal party Miss Ruth Visel, Miss Eloise Watson and Miss Elizabeth Helm of Southern California and the Misses Carey and Helen McLain of Honolulu. Messrs. Jack and Nelson Visel, Arthur Eckman, Henry Hunter, Harold Jane-way and Clyde Whitney will be ushers and groomsmen.

Miss Lucretia del Valle has returned from Hermosa Beach, and Monday evening entertained with a box party at the Belasco, followed by supper at Hotel Alexandria. The affair was in compliment to Miss Myrtle McCabe, whose marriage to Mr. Charles Wood will take place in October.

At Hotel del Coronado

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Yerington of this city have been at Coronado this week on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Van Nuys of Pasadena are also at the hotel for a visit.

Los Angelans at the Hotel del Coronado include Mr. F. T. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stanfield, Mr. E. T. Stimson, Mr. Raymond C. Gould, Mr. E. H. Griffith, Mrs. N. H. Morrison, Mr. F. A. Barzen, Mr. D. P. Goodwin, Mr. J. H. Lamson, Mr. C. W. Horn, Mr. I. W. Benjamin, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Keese, Mrs. E. S. Norden and Miss Florence Wiley.

Europe, Australia, Around the World
Several prominent Los Angelans are booked on foreign tours through D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust & Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway.

For sale, a collection of antique mahogany and rosewood furniture, 1720 Kingsley Drive, near Washington St. Phone 73261.

THE GRAPHIC



MRS. PAUL D. ROWAN
[One of the brides of the week]
[Nitzel Photo]

Dear Marie: Sunday morning Dona Arcadia de Baker passed away at her home on Ocean avenue, Santa Monica. She was 85 years old and a native of California. What changes she had witnessed!

California was an unknown territory to most of the people east of the Mississippi. Only the bravest who dared the hardships of sea and desert on foot had ever seen the west slope of the Sierras and those who did come in rare instances returned, the lure of land coupled with the attraction of the young Spanish señoritas holding them here. A casual glance at the pallbearers impressed more vividly the feeling I had gained that society here is firmly rooted and is not a mushroom growth of the last few years.

Mrs. Baker was related to many of our most prominent families. Her blood relations include the Winstons, Coutts, Carrillos, Johnsons and Bandinis. These are the original families, but the third generation includes many other families.

I can name at least five debutantes of last year who were her grandnieces—Margaret Gaffey, Inez Ward, Marion Winston of San Francisco and the J. B. Winston girls, Margarita and Carolina. Dora Scott Kurtz, whose mother was a Coutts, is the wife of popular Dr. Carl Kurtz. Dora lived with Mrs. Baker for many years when Dona Arcadia was occupying a large suite in the old Baker Block. After her marriage she had her own apartments in the same block and was one of the last to desert the old place.

Which reminds me that in that same block, the forerunner of our new down-to-date apartment houses, were the Platers, the Fosters and the Pridhams. How the town has grown! Julia Flowers was living here also at the time of her wedding to J. M. Flowers.

Mrs. Longstreet, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Miner and Alfred Wilcox were related to Dona Arcadia, their mother, Mrs. Wilcox, being her first cousin. The last time the family was united was in May, 1908, when Mrs. Gaffey gave a home party in honor of her aunt, Dona Arcadia, and all her guests were relatives. The party occurred at the time the fleet visited San Pedro and I still recall the interest Mrs. Baker took in the battleships. In the evening, as we watched the powerful searchlights play upon the house and the hill behind, she remarked that it was a long distance from the home-made candles of her young girl days to the great electric searchlight.

Marie, dear, when she was a girl there were no stores, no photographs; electricity was an unknown quantity; no steam cars, no electric lights or gas, no telegraph or telephone. It seems almost impossible to believe that in the span of one lifetime the world has advanced so much. These things are not luxuries to-day; they are necessities. I am glad I did not live in those days.

Reverting to my opening paragraph, I still main-

tain that for a new city society is almost as old as the town itself. The Van Nuys, Pattons, Browns, Del Valles, Bryants, Kimballs, Brodricks, Miners, McGowans, Woods and many others whose names are seen in the daily chronicles are the selfsame people or their children who made Los Angeles so attractive in the early 80's.

While half the world laughs the other half weeps was never borne into our souls more forcefully than this week. Wednesday two weddings were celebrated, one at 6:30 at Glendale, the other at 8:30 on Pasadena avenue. The first was that of Paul Rowan and Sarah Watkins; the second the Mitchell-Mathis.

Never did gardens look more beautiful than did those of Dr. Mathis' Wednesday evening. I am so happy when a girl breaks through the stereotyped form of doing anything and displays originality. What is more appropriate in Southern California than a wedding among the flowers and trees?

The quiet wedding which Miss Watkins chose was a disappointment to most of us. We all know Paul so well that we felt cheated not to be present when he relinquished his bachelor degree. Another member of the dear old club to drop out. I wonder how many of the original members of the Bachelors' Club are left? I will ask Charley Seyler or Karl Klokke next time I see him. I caught a glimpse of Karl the other day just as he was returning from a hunting trip. It is a shame he never married for he is a delightful chap.

One comparatively new district which attracts the attention of every one on the "rubberneck wagons" is Berkeley Square. Major Burke, father of Carlton, laid out the tract and most of the lots are now occupied by beautiful mansions. There is a marked individuality of the homes in this square. The southern type has been chosen by the Russell McD. Taylors, while the home of Mrs. Francis Bacon is one of the show places of Los Angeles.

Nearby are the Walter Leeds and the Chester Montgomerys. All pride themselves on their gardens.

To those who care for a quieter place for a home, Beverly Hills will appeal. About seven miles from the city and the same distance from sea and mountain it is an ideal spot.

But there is no accounting for taste. The Henry T. Gages think there home at Downey is the most delightful place in the world and I know that Arthur and his wife hated to think of moving, but upon the return of the family from Portugal he migrated to New Hampshire street. Mrs. Gage



MRS. FRANCES BACON
[Who is entertaining with a series of luncheons]



MRS. ARTHUR GAGE
[Daughter-in-law of Former Gov. Gage]

is your typical Southern type. At present she is very busy attending to her little son who is the image of his grandfather, Ex-Gov. Gage.

Speaking of babies, I must impart the news. Belle Coulter Posey has a little girl, as has Mrs. Edwin Janss. Do you remember Barnetta Martin Huston, a cousin of Amy Marie Gage? Well, she also is a happy mother.

The fashion show opened Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. As usual the shops were too beautiful to describe. There is one place here that has just been opened that cannot be equalled even in New York.

After roaming through its spacious rooms and admiring the beautiful setting for the still more lovely rooms I began to realize that Los Angeles was no longer a small town, out west, but a down-to-date city, recognized the world over, whose trade is wanted and whose people demand the best the markets can afford. This is Los Angeles of to-day. What will the future be? It is impossible to predict. The world's fairs will both help to swell the increasing population. Men may come to San Francisco and go to San Diego, but they stay here forever.

O, I forgot to tell you that the death of Mrs. Baker will give to all our old friends a great fortune. The estate will be divided among thirty people. Thus do the old Spanish grants disappear.

Well, it is late, the sandman seems to be arriving. Lovingly,

Miss Mary Livingston,
Newport, R. I.

ELIZABETH.

More Notables Coming

Senator Borah of Idaho and Senator Shively of Indiana are due in Los Angeles next week, as members of the special committee to investigate Mexican border conditions. Senators Fall of New Mexico and Smith of Michigan have been conducting an inquiry for ten days, and will not complete their labors until after their associates have arrived on the ground. Senator Borah, as a candidate for reelection, wires that his campaign may not permit him to come south at this time, but he will try to make it if his presence in Los Angeles is absolutely essential. Senator Shively may be persuaded to deliver a Democratic campaign speech while here.

Socialists Are Active

All four of the important political parties are to try to win the California electoral vote. In addition to Roosevelt for the Progressives, Bryan for the Democrats and possibly Henry Cabot Lodge for the Republicans, Congressman Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee, the only Socialist in either branch of the national legislature, is to follow his principal, Eugene V. Debs, in order to deliver a campaign address at the Auditorium the evening of September 26. His wife will accompany him, and while here will give a brief talk.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

To dissect "The Gamblers," Charles Klein's play of modern American life, from the standpoint of dramatic literature would uncover many flaws—would be a grievous post-mortem. But analyzing it merely as a play appealing to human interest, with thrills of love and action, pithy lines, strong, if melodramatic situations, reveals the fact that it is one of the best plays of its kind on the boards. Wilbur Emerson and his associates have borrowed their banks' funds on their notes in excess of the legal limit. The big financiers set the federal machinery in motion to bring ruin upon the Emerson banks by arresting Wilbur and his partners for their offense, which is punishable by a sentence in state's prison. Wilbur is deus ex machina in the system, of which his father is the nominal president. Learning of the danger, Wilbur attempts to save his father from disaster, knowing the old man is in absolute ignorance of his colleagues' methods. The son manages to get enough money to pay back the borrowed funds and recovers the notes—only to find the papers are forgeries and that one of his partners has turned traitor and has given the real notes and an affidavit of guilt to the prosecuting attorney, James Darwin, who is Wilbur's deadly enemy. Discovering that Darwin has left for Washington and has not yet received the incriminating documents, Wilbur goes to the Darwin house to steal the papers. He is found by Mrs. Darwin, whom he loves and who inwardly reciprocates. She refuses to betray her husband by giving Wilbur the notes, despite his pleas. Then Darwin returns, and accuses Wilbur and his wife of a liaison. Driven by his sneering cruelty from aversion to hate, Mrs. Darwin defies her husband's threat publicly to divorce her, and finally manages to give the papers to Wilbur. The play ends as Wilbur leaves for prison, with her promise that when he is free she, too, will be free and waiting. It may not be art, but it is big and bold and red-blooded and holds audiences by its intensity. The character drawings are excellent, although Mr. Klein is too fond of giving his puppets exclamation of "My Gawd!" The production at the Belasco is a disappointment in its principals. Perhaps it is because expectations were raised so high by the press agents that dissatisfaction followed. Orrin Johnson, the new leading man, who plays Wilbur Emerson, is an actor of discretion and perception, but is at his best in the quieter scenes, where he plays with a natural gentlemanliness that is charming. But he overdoes his bigger scenes, his emotions and his climaxes. He blinks his eyes and tremolos his voice too obviously—which is a pity, as his voice is a rich melody of modulation in the repressed moments. This over-acting may be accounted for by the fact that he was very nervous at the opening performance. He is an extremely good-looking man, with strong personality and a presence of rare charm. If he did not try so hard to be natural in his bigger scenes he would be splendid. Marguerite Leslie is the greatest disappointment. She has not that warm allurements which a leading woman must possess—unless she is a Mrs. Fiske. Her gestures are theatric, and she does not work up her climaxes. She "fell down" in her best scene Monday night—it was the

author's lines which brought applause—not the actress' art. Throughout the play one cannot forget that Miss Leslie is only playing a part—she never becomes the woman she is portraying. Thomas McLarnie does better work than either of the stars, in the most disagreeable role of James Darwin, the prosecuting attorney, whose personal ambition has become a craze to which he sacrifices all things. McLarnie plays through the entire three acts without a false note, producing a truly admirable etching. James K. Applebee is well suited to the part of Wilbur's father, William Wolbert does another of his fine character drawings as the welching partner, Howard Scott's sportsmanlike banker is a delight and Harry Mestayer makes an intensely strange character out of the traitor. A good "bit" is the secret service man of Richard Barbee. One continues to be appalled at the interior decorations achieved by the Belasco scenic artist. He should take a few lessons from Robert Brunton, who is a true genius.

"Bobby Burnit" at the Burbank

George Randolph Chester's "Bobby Burnit" stories were "popular stuff" of breezy, youthful interest, but Winchell Smith's dramatization is inane—and at times asinine; save for one act—the third, which provides laugh after laugh through its real comedy. But a four-act play cannot totter to success on one act, any more than a dog can pursue a jack-rabbit on one leg. Therefore, the theatrical fare at the Burbank this week is rather tame and insipid. Donald Bowles, who plays Bobby, makes him such an impossibly silly youth that his change into an alert business man cannot be credited. Bobby was ignorant of business methods, but not fatuous and ill-balanced. This is not altogether Mr. Bowles' fault, however, for Winchell Smith's drawing of the character is badly conceived and in no way suggests the hero created by the author. In the third act Mr. Bowles "picks up" and plays like a human being, but the last act finds him back in the same pit of absurdity. James Corrigan and Willis Marks contribute character drawings of worth as do Harry Duffield and Charles Giblyn. Robert Leonard's conception of "Biff" Bates makes him a bigger favorite with the audience than Bobby. Leonard is ideally suited to the role. Grace Travers plays the part of Bobby's sweetheart, but has nothing to do to lend distinction to herself. There are several minor roles rendered so amateurishly as to be grotesque. The production is certainly not up to the Burbank standard. By the way, what has become of David Hartford? His name no longer appears on the program as stage director, and patrons are getting curious?

Good Fun at the Orpheum

Joe and Ernie Van are the champion funmakers on this week's Orpheum bill, which has many mirthful moments. The Vans' patter is nonsense of the most absurd sort, but it is good for many a laugh, and is assisted by several really creditable musical interludes. Harry Armstrong's players offer a sketch, "Squaring Accounts," which appeals to those inclined to sentimentality. It is a sort of "Christmas Carol" tale, with a miserly old landlord whose nature is suddenly broadened by contact with a small newsboy who teaches him how to "shoot craps." To those initiated in the game there seems to be rare humor in the scene,



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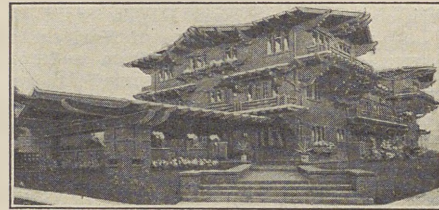
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but to the outsider it is all Greek. However, the general effect of the sketch is good, with Richard Nesmith, as Kilwait and Verne Sheridan as "Sport" carrying their points to the satisfaction of the audiences. While Cesare Nesi may not deserve to be billed as "The Young Caruso," he has a voice as sunny and sweet as his smile, which is a compelling attraction. Nesi sings several Italian arias and one or two English ballads, and even the gallery appreciates the real music he invokes. DeWitt, Burns and Torrence revive the tiresome "Awakening of Toys" stunt which has been done in various forms since the early days of Drury lane. The dances and eccentric acrobatics are good, but the sketch itself is wearying. The Bradshaw Brothers, in their remarkably skillful contortions, Mrs. Gene Hughes in "Youth," W. C. Fields, the silent humorist, and Charley Case are the holdovers.

Offerings for Next Week

Laurette Taylor will make her reappearance at the Burbank Sunday afternoon in the first presentation on a Los Angeles stage of Hartley Manners' long-heralded drama, "Barbaraza." This production was promised several times this summer, but it was put off by the long run of "Peg o' My Heart." Manager Morosco considered it too good for his Los Angeles clientele to forego, and accordingly engaged Miss Taylor for a return to the Burbank stage. Another feature of the production is the reappearance of Forrest Stanley, who has been playing in San Francisco with Miss Taylor. "Barbaraza" was recently given a highly successful presentation in the north, and since then Mr. Manners has pruned and smoothed it until there are no hitches in its action. Miss Taylor in the title role has an opportunity to distinguish herself in a new line, and the dramatic writers in the north were so enthusiastic about her work that they compared it to that of Nazimova. Mr. Stanley will play the lord of the

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
02446 Not coal lands.
04043 August 23, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that George H. Melcher, of Topanga, Cal., who, on October 23, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 04043, and on April 16, 1908, for SE¼NW¼, E¼SW¼, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 8th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses:
C. C. Cheney, August Schmidt, J. H. Goebel, Mrs. Jack Wood, all of Topanga, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office,
Los Angeles, California, Aug. 23, 1912.
Notice is hereby given, that township plat of fractional section 31, Township 2 North, Range 12 West, S. B. M., has been received and will be filed in the United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California, situate in Room 510, Federal Building, on Friday, October 4, 1912, 9:00 a. m., that on and after said date, the Register and Receiver of said office will be prepared to receive applications for entry of lands in said township, providing settlement was made thereon prior to December 20, 1892, the date of proclamation placing said township in the Forest Reserve.
Frac. Sec. 31, Township 2 North, Range 12 West, S. B. M.
Any application sworn to or filed prior to October 4, 1912, will not be considered.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

manor, David Hartford will return in a good part, and other favorites will be congenially cast.

"Pomander Walk," the newest of Louis N. Parker's comedies, is to have its first performance in Los Angeles at the Mason Opera House Monday evening, to continue for one week. Liebler and Company, who present the play, have followed the wishes of the author

by giving even the smallest parts to men and women thoroughly in the English atmosphere. The company was engaged and rehearsed in London. Mr. Parker, in describing his product, calls it "a play without a plot." "Pomander Walk" is a little waterside settlement of five houses, set in the shape of a crescent, each house just like its neighbor. In one house lives Admiral Sir Peter Antrobus, an old sea-dog, unmarried, who rules the Walk. In another house is Mrs. Pamela Posket, a well-to-do widow with a fondness for the sailor. Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, an elegant gentleman with many daughters and a longing for a son; the Misses Ruth and Barbara Pennywit and their lodger, Mr. Basil Pringle; the Rev. Jacob Sternwood, a bookworm; and a new family, the Lachesnais; these are the characters introduced. Their various love affairs and tribulations form a pretty tale, and in the end everything is straightened out in good old-fashioned style, and there is the promise that they will live happy ever after. After "Pomander Walk" comes James K. Hackett in "A Grain of Dust."

"The Gamblers," Charles Klein's powerful play of American love and finance, has proved a great drawing card at the Belasco, and to meet the demand for seats, the management has been compelled to announce a second week. Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie have had an opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with their roles. Mr. Johnson has scored a hit of no small proportion in the leading part, and has already leaped into popular favor, both as an actor and as a matinee idol. Miss Leslie has the leading feminine role. Thomas MacLarnie, Harry Mestayer, Howard Scott and other favorites have good parts of which they are making the most. "The Gamblers" is peculiarly American in its theme and action, and has proved one of the most popular offerings the Belasco stage has known for many months.

Crowded audiences continue at the Majestic theater, where the Paul J. Rainey African pictures are being shown, and a third week is necessary to meet the demand. The sold out sign has been a common sight since the opening afternoon of this exhibit, and even the gallery has had to be opened. The films are deserving of the heavy patronage accorded them, as they offer one of the most unusual and most interesting exhibits ever thrown upon a screen.

Five new acts will be seen on the Orpheum bill the week beginning Monday matinee, September 23. Edmond Hayes, originally known as "the wise guy," will be seen with his company in a rollicking sketch, "The Piano Movers." Elsa Ruegger, the master cellist, will make her first appearance in local vaudeville. She is a world celebrity and will offer a carefully-chosen program. Her accompanist is Edmund Lichenstein. Grace Cameron is no stranger here, and comes back from London with the cream of new songs, at the same time retaining her former best successes. Frank Milton and the De Long sisters will be seen in a skit, "Twenty Minutes at Alfalfa Jet," in which he plays a rube station agent and the girls portray New York chorus damsels. The Bounding Pattersons will perform on the trampoline, and holdovers are De Witt, Burns & Torrance in "The Awakening of Toys," Van Brothers and Cesare Nesi. The Frankenstein orchestral concerts, always a feature, and the world's news in motion views, complete the bill.

Headlining the bill for the coming week at the cabaret show at Brink's cafe will be two noteworthy musical acts. Both are operatic in nature. Madame Adelina Dossena, Italian coloratura soprano, will be featured in selections from Faust, Carmen, Traviata and other well known operas, while the lighter vein of operatic music will be sung en costume by Emelie Gardner,

the lyric soprano, who will give selections from "Bohemian Girl," "Erminie," etc. "Happy Anna Robinson," the com shouting soubrette, is billed as a stellar attraction with new ragtime offerings—two of which have never before been sung on this coast. Wilbur Ross will devote his tenor to sentimental ballads, and the Brink cabaret orchestra, headed by Herr Franz Buckner, the Austrian pianophiend, will be heard in concert and individual numbers.

Branch of Drama League Forming

Friday, September 27, a meeting will be held at Cumnock Hall at three o'clock for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Drama League of America. The committee consists of Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, Mrs. Frank Parmelee, Miss Bessie Stoddard and Mr. Everett C. Maxwell. The league is largely for the purpose of educating the public in the drama and encouraging advancement of the stage by patronizing the best plays. A bulletin is sent out to each member, showing the merits of the play, dramaturgically and histrionically and advising attendance. There are branches of study outlined, and the reading of various plays and books advised.

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Books

When Death called "Everyman" to a final accounting, according to the old English morality play of the same name, Knowledge answered the solicitation of the troubled one, when all others failed him, with the reassurance, "Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide, in thy most need to go by thy side." And it will be remembered how faithfully he fulfills his promise. This quotation, therefore, fitly adorns the cover pages of each volume of "Everyman's" library series, since the initial number contains this and other of those famous old English dramatic productions of like character, suggesting the classic foundation thought of the publishers and editors; and in its convenient size and remarkably low price for each little book making the modern significance universal. "Everyman's" is known everywhere, and no man or woman need be ignorant of the world's great masterpieces with such opportunities offered as in "Everyman's," in about six hundred volumes of plain, useful cloth binding or more decorative and elegant limp leather. Among the latest additions to this extensive library are the "Arthurian Tales and Chronicles," of Wace and Layamon's "Brut" (from the tradition that the British are all descended from Brutus, the noble Roman), in one volume making comparison easy and inviting, "The Invisible Playmate," and the memoirs of "W. V.," by William Canton, a curious anthology of child eulogies by a parent who was both poetically sentimental and idolatrous, the bitterly satirical "Vision of Piers Ploughman," of John Langland, and the "Life of Mazzini," by Bolton King. A curious human document and pathetically confidential in its simple, trustful revelation of child fancy and parental love, the book of "W. V." would be notable if for no other reason than its preservation of that exquisite prayer, "Envoy."

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest,
My child's head nestles to my breast;
And how my arm her little form enfolds
Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
And how she holds
My hands, my two hands in her own?

A little easy sighing
And restful turning round,
And I, too, on Thy love relying,
Shall slumber sound.

It is a beautiful thought in closing. The quaint heroic legends of King Arthur as treated by the concise and plainer style of Wace, of royal patronage, or by the fanciful imagination of Layamon, writing for the common people of England, are strikingly contrasted and made more attractive and convenient for original thought and study. So also with "Piers Ploughman." A sympathetic admirer and friend presents the life history of Mazzini and eulogizes that noble son of Italy, compatriot and contemporary of Cavour and Garibaldi, whose brilliant intellect and indefatigable pen and energies were ever used for a unified nation, and republican idea not only in Italy but in all Europe. Mr. King's is an inspiring portrait, painted with an earnest endeavor at justice and truth. ("Everyman's" Library: "Arthurian Tales and Chronicles," by Wace and Layamon; "Piers Ploughman," by John Langland; "The Invisible Playmate,"

by William Canton, and "The Life of Mazzini," by Bolton King. M. A. Edited by Ernest Rhys. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Fame-Seekers of Paris

Student life in the Latin Quarter of Paris has and probably always will be much talked and written about. By a peculiar process of reasoning, Americans have reached the unhappy conclusion that anything a trifle off-color and thoroughly European is much to be desired in art and literature. By this it is not meant that everything European is off-color, far from it. No doubt there are just as many people living on the Riviera as there are on Beacon street in Boston, but for obvious reasons we seldom hear of them. They rarely find space in a popular magazine or a summer novel. The ones we know about are the sable-clad adventurers and the dreamy-eyed poets and artists who fall in love not wisely, but too well. No doubt many of us think that the struggling fame seekers who live in the "quarter" in Paris are all men and women of supergenius who are wasting their fragrance on the desert air, just because they can't manage to get "discovered." Don't ever believe it. There are more mental nondescripts, would-be musicians, artists, and poets in Paris than in any place on earth. We never hear about these either. No novelist would waste time while abroad writing about common, humdrum, every day failures. No, indeed, there are plenty of these in America. Draw back the curtain and look in upon a garret studio, furnished with picturesque paraphernalia and so full of "atmosphere" that it is ready to burst. Here must live a great painter, a marvelous musician, perhaps a matchless poet—all undiscovered, and, of course, the beautiful model who floats about in shimmering draperies and smokes cigarettes. Our shelves are full of books of this caliber. There is one that utilizes a few of these timeworn accessories but in addition strikes a new note in "quarter" romances. Reference is had to "Fame Seekers" by Alice Woods, which recounts the experiences of a New England girl who, fleeing from the commercial atmosphere of her own country, enters the art colony in Paris, the Mecca of fame-seekers. Louisa Garth, conventional and narrow, lives with her married sister who is somewhat of a prig. Louisa and her big, raw American brother-in-law are good pals. Louisa decides to do something, so she goes to Paris to live with a girl friend who is a great violinist. They live in the "quarter," but how disappointing it is to find that their studio is furnished in a manner that would do credit to any salon on the Boulevard. They keep a maid and entertain at formal dinners. No beer-and-chess-sandwiches affairs with long-haired artists who need a bath. They have two friends, yes, artists. Keating, young and struggling, who really has a garret studio, and Burroughs, well-to-do and complacent, whose studio is all Turkish rugs and real period furniture. Louisa studies bookbinding in an indifferent manner and learns a lot about life that she didn't know before. She poses to Keating for her portrait and there is the mild beginning of a romance which does not culminate. Louisa's sister dies and soon after the heroine tires of her "fame-seeking" and goes home, and it is not hard to guess that she marries her bereaved brother-in-law. The greater part of

Six Best Sellers

The Streets of Ascalon.—Robert Chambers' new book, illustrated by Gibson. Cloth, \$1.40 net. Postpaid, \$1.52.

Bella.—By Edward C. Booth. Illustrated, 12mo. D Appleton, \$1.30 net.

The Good Indian.—By E. M. Bower. Illustrated, 12mo. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

"C. Q., or In the Wireless House."—By Arthur Train. Illustrated, 12mo. \$1.20 net.

Halcyone.—By Elinor Glyn. With frontispiece, 12mo. \$1.30 net.

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the book deals with the doings and sayings of Louisa, the violinist, and the two artists. The author succeeds in drawing four good character studies and as a sort of a diary of an American girl in Paris the story has value. The main defect lies in the author's seeming timidity in approaching her situations. She seems a trifle uncertain of her public's moral understanding and hence sidesteps much that would add vitality to her treatment. The local color is good, also the general descriptive matter. To the possessor of genius this book should make appeal since it reveals how Paris winnows the real from the unreal, but what of the merely talented multitude who can never attain success? ("Fame-Seekers," By Alice Wood. George H. Doran Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Two short stories by the ever-lamented Ernest Dowson comprise the Biblot offerings for September. It is as a poet Dowson is best known and

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
66304 Not Coal Lands.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Sept. 11, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank Sliet, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on May 25, 1909, made Homestead Entry No. 06304, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Albert W. Marsh, of Los Angeles; Charles O. Montague, Ira R. Sheekles, Frank Geo. all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Mr. Mosher has done a genuine favor in giving his readers a flashlight on the gifted young Englishman's literary genius in prose form. "Eyes of Pride" and "Countess Marie of the Angels," one with an English the other a French setting, are, in a way, related, since each story treats of the separation of souls of kin in many ways.

News and Gossip Along Automobile Row

NEW COUNTY SPEED LAW DEMANDED

Because a few maniacal persons at times break loose and cut a throat or two with a razor there is no law limiting the proper use of that instrument of shaving. Because persons have been known to lose their senses from too close application to mathematics and start in to run amuck, no proscription has been passed limiting the amount of time to be devoted to that branch of science. Therefore, why is it logical, because a few motorists when driving faster than twenty miles an hour becoming imbued with a desire to burn up the road, with no thought of life or limb, that all autoists should be compelled to observe a twenty mile limit? A new speed law should be passed raising the allowance to thirty miles on the county roads.

Would Route via Los Angeles—According to late reports San Francisco is to be the ultimate destination of the Glidden transcontinental tour of 1915 and W. E. Bush, local agent for the Pierce Arrow motor car, is trying to organize Southern California motorists into an association to attempt to have the tourists making the trip by way of Los Angeles. It is Bush's plan to secure a three day stopover here. He asserts that the tour should be made via the southern route from Kansas City. At present it is a rough trip, but it is believed that in two years it could be made into an ideal country boulevard. He has suggested that the Motor Car Dealers Association and the Automobile Club of Southern California combine to gain the desired result.

Averaged Twenty Miles an Hour—After a transcontinental tour of 4055 miles, Mr. and Mrs. George Webb of New York reached Los Angeles this week in their six-cylinder Chalmers, a 1913 Model. The tourists remained several days at San Diego, where they have many old friends, before coming to this city. The trip was made in a leisurely fashion with no attempt to lower records. They left New York July 27 and came west via Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Scranton, Pa., Kansas City, Phoenix and Imperial Valley. Their actual running time was 201 hours. Trials and tribulations were plentiful in New Mexico and Arizona, as rain, mud and wretched roads were encountered. Attached to their car were pennants from more than 100 towns showing the various places they had motored through.

Best Are the Cheapest—Local automobile and motorcycle dealers are devoting much of their time to the city hall just now in an effort to secure the contracts for six motorcycles for the use of the "speed cops" of the police department. Several bids have been submitted, but the supply committee of the council has taken no action, turning over the figures to the police department for recommendation. Motorcycle dealers are to be given a chance to expound the virtues of their various machines at a special meeting of police officials in the near future. It is said that it is cheapest in the long run to buy the best make of machine as the motorcycles are ridden by three different shifts of officers and are in almost constant use.

Standish's Record Stands—Standish Mitchell, who at one time was the best known football player in California, having played with the local high school team five years before entering Stanford University, where he was a star at the Rugby game for two years, has just established an automobile record that is likely to stand for a time. He recently completed a trip of more than twelve hundred miles from Los Angeles to Lake Tahoe and return by the "east of the Sierras route" over almost impassible roads without me-

chanical trouble of any kind. In fact, not a single adjustment of the motor was made.

Course in Motoring Added—With the opening of the University of Southern California for its fall and winter term comes the starting of the first collegiate automobile school in California, which is to be run at the Bovardian institute. President George Finley Bovard has adopted the suggestion made earlier in the summer by Earle Y. Boothe and Clarence Smith, two well known auto dealers of this city, regarding the need of such instruction, and pupils in this department are now being received. It is included under the division of science and in addition to the regular corps of instructors, Boothe and Smith will devote a few hours a week to motor car tuition.

Home Made Motor Cultivator—Just where the sphere of usefulness of the automobile truck will stop is the problem that is puzzling local automobile men as a result of a story of a strange innovation in motordom that reached here this week. J. A. Brewster, an orange grower of Redlands, has rigged up a motor cultivator devised from his own ingenuity and an old 40-horse power Acme truck. He declares the machine does as much work as three teams. He has used the auto truck, but has taken off the rubber tires. On the wheels he has built up bands of wood held together by strips of heavy iron. The two rear wheels are centered and joined under the frame. The big wheel is hooked and by combining the wheels more power is obtained, but less speed.

What a Winton Did—From Cleveland to Los Angeles was the run just completed by L. B. Hogue of Ventura in a Winton motor car without mishaps of any sort. Soon after arriving in Southern California he began another trip into the mountains of Inyo county with the same machine, prepared to fight any kind of roads. He declares that the run was a terrific one, as bad roads, mountain grades and deep sand were his lot. The car, however, stood up in splendid shape, which Hogue says speaks wonders for the modern motor car and particularly for the Winton.

Ready for Prosperous Fall—Lee Carpenter, local representative for the Dorris and Paige-Detroit automobiles, is back at his desk after a short trip in the southeastern part of the state. He has been making a tour of the small towns, and declares that conditions are normal and outside agents seem to be preparing for a busy season.

Branch Store for the Flanders—Among the late developments along auto row is the opening of the Los Angeles branch of the Pioneer Automobile Company, which is to give exclusive attention to the Flanders electric. It is to occupy quarters now used by

the Splitdorf Magneto Company at 1226 South Olive street. Formerly this car has been handled by the Lord Motor Car Company, but the latter firm is new to give its attention to the sale of Garfords and Reos.

Would Penalize the Unlucky—J. W. Tucker, a motor enthusiast of this city, has filed a petition with the city council, suggesting that only those caught speeding their machines beyond the lawful rate be compelled to attach the electric speed indicators to their cars. His petition has been referred to the legislation committee.

Ruess Is a Ruesstler—William R. Ruess, the Southern California agent for the Pope-Hartford, has been making a record selling fire trucks lately. His latest deal was the disposal of a Pope-Hartford piece for fire apparatus to the city of San Bernardino. F. J. Purdy, manager of the local agency, made the demonstration of the truck before the San Berdo council. The cost was \$1650. The contract calls for immediate delivery.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
0990 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office Los Angeles, Cal.,
Aug. 20, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Herman Hethke of Topanga, Cal., who, on August 26, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 0990, for NE¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal.; John Heron, of Topanga, Cal.; Walter Stunt, of Calabasas, Cal.; George Persinger, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
04033 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 7, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial, No. 04033, for N¼NW¼, Sec. 27, W¼SW¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; Edward Mellus, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Canon, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

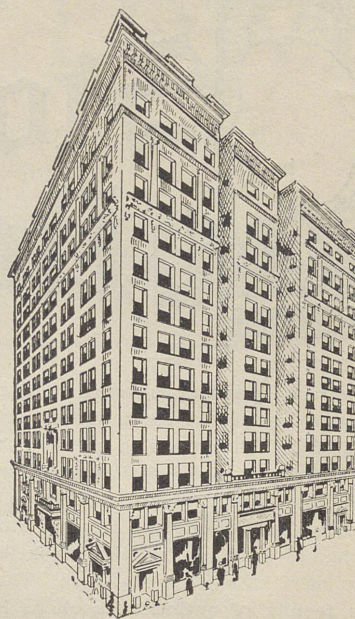
Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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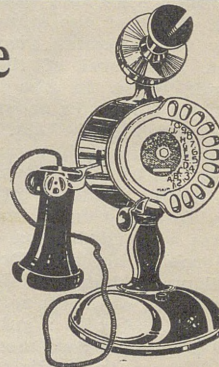
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Stocks & Bonds

Financial conditions continue about the soundest in the city's history, with nothing on the horizon to indicate that the future is to be disturbed in any way. Investment money appears to be fairly plentiful and Los Angeles Stock Exchange trading for the week has been of a satisfactory volume. There is a feeling of optimism, such as has not been manifest in the financial district in many a day. Leading industrial shares are in stronger demand than has been the situation recently, with the Southern California Edisons wanted in large blocks and with the market not clogged. New York and Boston account have been absorbing stock recently, and the demand is still in the limelight, the buying being rather more persistent than has been the case recently. Evidently, there is something doing in the shares, or else they are being acquired for the long pull that one of these days is certain to put the stock to much better prices than are ruling at this time. Los Angeles Investment is fairly firm.

Among the better known stocks First National shows signs of stiffening, with Security ruling easy. National of California is up better than \$10 a share, and California Savings is wanted. German American Savings is hardening. Most of the standard issues will pay their regular quarterly dividends Oct. 1, several of the better known bonds being in the same category. Among the latter securities, Union Oil 5s, Associated 5s, L. A. Homes and Pasadena Homes show unusual strength.

As has been the situation for months, the better grade of oil stocks continue the favorites in a market that indicates a determination of working considerably higher. Doheny Mexicans still mark time, and the several Stewart issues are a bit soft. Amalgamated is easy, but with a gain of better than \$20 a share in two months. Associated once more is in distress, having lost entirely the recent tilt registered by the stock, the result of a reported merger of the Southern Pacific and the Union Oil interests. Apparently, there was nothing tangible to the story. Columbia, a recently unreliable performer, shows signs of manipulation, and, evidently, is being worked up for a purpose.

Central Oil, after displaying considerable form, has been allowed to slip to former recently registered low levels. The Santa Maria list is exceedingly weak. Western Union is soft, and Rice Ranch lower by about ten points. The drop is said to be due to a falling off in production of about 6000 barrels last month, a clip of about \$5,000 in receipts. But as the company is in excellent financial condition there is no real warrant for the slump, it is insisted. American Dohenys are strong. A few of the cheaper specialties in the list might be taken on at times for a scalp. The low priced speculative oil shares are not in demand. California Midway, being still in the dumps, and with National Pacific also off more than a point from its recent high record.

There is nothing doing in the mining list, but with the future more promising than has been the situation recently in this class of securities.

Money shows signs of hardening, the

result of crop movements. Conditions at bottom, however, are healthy and clean in every way.

Banks and Banking

Park Bank has increased its capitalization from \$200,000 to \$300,000, and so highly is its stock considered that one man offered to purchase the entire issue of new stock at \$100 a share—which was refused.

Los Angeles' bank clearings for the week ending Sept. 12 amounted to \$3,077,823,000, an increase of 16.6 per cent over the corresponding week of last year.

Stock and Bond Briefs

There is a suspicion that the receivership of the United States Motor Company has been a painful reminder to one and perhaps several New York Stock Exchange houses that business is dear at any price. The manager of an important commission house in New York recalls that before the difficulties of the United States Motor Company had become acute his firm had been solicited by one of the lesser lights of the group of insiders controlling the company to permit him to open an account with the United States Motor stock as collateral. The firm wanted the business, but it figured that the collateral offered might prove pretty hard to sell should the necessity arise, and decided not to take the risk. The owner of the stock, it is believed, was accommodated elsewhere. The common stock was quoted on the Curb.

Venice is to attempt to fight the high cost of living by erecting a public cold storage plant where foodstuffs may be acquired when prices are low and stored for later distribution. Issues of \$200,000 for water plant and \$100,000 for fire apparatus are also to be considered.

Hemet's city trustees may have to go to court to sustain the awarding of their sewer bond issue of \$60,000 to one concern following amended offers. Possibly, the bonds will have to be re-advertised.

Up to 9 a. m. Sept. 28 bids will be received by the city clerk of Alhambra for public library bonds, \$50,000; fire protection bonds, \$31,000; incinerator bonds, \$10,000; city hall bonds, \$50,000; drainage bonds, \$17,000, and bridge bonds, \$15,000.

It is probable that San Bernardino voters will be called upon to sanction the construction of a new city hall. Bond election for \$75,000 to be devoted to that purpose, will be called in October.

Sawtelle will vote October 19 on an issue of \$10,000 for new fire apparatus.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands.
August 28, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that Fred E. Collins, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on January 4, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 092, for S½SE¼, Sec. 13, E½NE¼, Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses:

Earl G. Horton, Ray Horton, James G. Elliott, Marie Elliott, all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

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J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

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E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

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 —A bowl of fire spills a flash of flame
 —That spells in vivid brightness
 —On the clouds, the hills, the trees,
 the whispering leaves
 —A name.

—And once again

Fashion, the Queen, is Crowned

—superbly gowned, in Autumn
 tones—

—Los Angeles does Homage—
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 and Waists; in Neckwear, Laces,
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 everything that pertains to wom-
 en's wear—

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—A Display vast and varied, elo-
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—A "Different" Display notable
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 "Welcome" to you and every
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 —A bowl of fire spills a flash of flame
 —And those who run may catch
 —The magic of the name
 —In Bullock's windows, fair as art
 can frame.

